Wit and Mirth:

OR,

PILLS

TO PURGE

Melancholy.

BEING

A Collection of the beſt Merry BALLADS and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper TUNE for either Voice or Inſtrument: Many of the SONGS being New Sett.

The Third Edition. Vol. I.

To which is alſo added; A Collection of Excellent POEMS.

He is the beſt Phyſician you will find,
That thus to pleaſing Mirth can fix your Mind;
That every Temper every ſort can pleaſe
With ſuch Variety of Songs as theſe.

LONDON: Printed by *William Pearſon*, and Sold by *John Cullen* at the Buck between the Two *Temple*-Gates, *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1707.

Price Bound 2*s*. 6*d*.


W.N.H.

To all the Honeſt and Merry Souls in City or Country.

Gentlemen,

THis I entirely Dedicate to thoſe who are honeſt Votaries to Bacchus, (*but not a word of Women;*) *you know, in Drinking, there needs a Pipe, to purge the troubleſome Thoughts which intrude ſometimes upon pleaſant Tempers, and I now preſent you* (*I mean for your Money*) *a* PILL *which not only dilates the Spleen, but, by a Glaſs, being thus repeated to the Merry God, and by repeating it twice a week, it will quicken your Spirits, drive you forward to your juſt buſineſs, and raiſe you above the ſordid thoughts of too much Care. I wiſh it may have theſe effects, which, next to Money, I'm ſure it was intended for; but I am afraid you will find your intereſt much ſuperiour to mine, which if you do, there will be a double duty upon you; firſt to ſatisfie your Phyſician, and afterwards to Recommend him to the reſt of the World.*

The Stationer on the BOOK.

THere's no Purge 'gainſt *Melancholy*,
But with *Bacchus* to be jolly;
All elſe are but Drugs of Folly.

Paracelſus wanted skill,
When he ſought to cure that Ill;
No *Pectorals* like the *Poet's* Quill.

Here are *Pills* of every ſort,
For the *Country*, *City*, *Court*,
Compounded and made up of ſport,

If 'gainſt *Sleep*, and *Fumes* impure,
Thou, thy *Senſes* would'ſt ſecure,
Take this, *Coffee*'s not half ſo ſure.

Wanteſt thou *Stomach* to thy Meat,
And would'ſt fain reſtore the heat?
This does it more than *Chocholate*.

Cures the *Spleen*, Revives the *Blood*,
Puts thee in a merry Mood,
Who can deny ſuch *Phyſick* good?

Nothing like to Harmleſs *Mirth*,
Tis a Cordial on earth,
That gives *Society* a Birth.

Then be wiſe, and buy, not borrow,
Keep an *Ounce* ſtill for to Morrow,
Better than a *pound of Sorrow*.

H. P.

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Pills to purge Melancholy.

A true Relation of the dreadfull Combat between More *of* More-Hall, *and the* Dragon *of* Wantley.



OLD Stories tell how *Hercules*
A Dragon ſlew at *Lern*,
With ſeven Heads and fourteen Eyes
To ſee and well diſcern;
But he had a Club
This Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye:
But *More* of *More-Hall*,
With nothing at all,
He ſlew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
Each one upon each Shoulder,
With a ſting in his Tayl
As long as a Flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long Claws,
And in his Jaws,
Four and forty Teeth of Iron,
With a Hide as Tough as any Buff,
Which did him round Inviron.

Have you not heard that the *Trojan* Horſe.
Held Seventy men in his Belly?
This Dragon was not quite ſo big,
But very near, I'll tell ye,
Devour did he,
Poor Children Three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one Sup,
He eat them up,
As one ſhould eat an Apple.

All ſorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some ſay he'd eat up Trees,
And that the Forreſt ſure he would
Devour up by degrees.
For Houſes and Churches
Were to him Gorſe and Burches:
He eat all, and left none behind,
But ſome Stones, dear *Jack*,
Which he could not crack,
Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkſhire* near fair *Rotheram*,
The Place I know it well,
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a Hedge,
Juſt on the Hill Edge,

And

And *Matthew's* Houſe hard by it:
Oh there and then,
Was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chuſe but ſpy it.

Some ſay this Dragon was a Witch;
Some ſay he was the Devil,
For from his Noſe a ſmoke aroſe,
And with it burning Snivel,
Which he caſt off,
When he did Cough,
In a Well that he did ſtand by,
Which made it look,
Juſt like a Brook,
Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
Of whom all Towns did Ring;
For he could wreſtle, play at Quarter-Staff,
Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,
Call Son of Whore:
Do any kind of thing;
By the Tail, and the Main,
With his hands twain,
He ſwong a Horſe till he was dead,
And that which was ſtranger,
He for very Anger,
Eat him all up but his Head.

Theſe Children as I told being eat,
Men, Women, Girls, and Boys,
Sighing and ſobbing, came to his Lodging,
And made a hideous Noyſe.
Oh ſave us all,
More of *More-Hall*,
Thou pearleſs Knight of theſe Woods;
Do but ſlay this Dragon,
We won't leave us a Rag on,
We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, Tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,
But I want, I want inſooth,
A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,
And ſmiles about the Mouth:
Hair as black as a ſloe,
Both above and below,
With a bluſh her cheeks adorning;
To 'noynt me ore night,
E're I go to fight,
And to dreſs me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down;
But firſt he went New Armour to
Beſpeak at *Sheffield* Town,
With Spikes all about,
Not within, but without,
Of Steel ſo ſharp and ſtrong,
Both behind and before,
Arms, Legs, all o'er,
Some five or ſix Inches long.

Had you but ſeen him in this Dreſs,
How fierce he look'd and big
You would have thought him for to be
An Ægyptian Porcu-Pig:
He frighted all
Cats, Dogs, and all;
Each Cow, each Horſe, and each Hog,
For fear did flee,
For they took him to be
Some ſtrange outlandiſh Hedghog.

To ſee this Fight, all People there
Got upon Trees and Houſes,
On Churches ſome, and Chimneys too;
But they put on their Trowzes,
Not to ſpoil their Hoſe.
As ſoon as he roſe,

To

To make him ſtrong and mighty,
He drank by the Tale,
Six pots of Ale,
And a Quart of *Aquæ vitæ*.

It is not Strength that always wins.
For Wit doth Strength excel,
Which made our cunning Champion
Creep down into a Well,
Where he did think
This Dragon would drink,
And ſo he did in Truth;
And as he ſtoopt low,
He roſe up and cry'd boe
And hit him in the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you come out,
Thou that diſturb'ſt me in my Drink,
And then he turn'd and ſhit at him,
Good lack how he did ſtink!
Beſhrew thy Soul,
Thy Body is foul,
Thy Dung ſmells not like Balſam:
Thou Son of a whore,
Thou ſtink'ſt ſo ſore,
Sure thy Dyet it is unwholeſome.

Our Politick, Knight on the other ſide
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the Dragon ſuch a douſt
He knew not what to think:
By Cock, quoth he,
Say you ſo, do you ſee,
And then at him he let flie;
With hand and with Foot,
And ſo they went to't,
And the word it was, Hey boys hey.

Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't underſtand
Then to't they fell at all,
Like to Wild Bears, ſo fierce, I may
Compare great things with ſmall:
Two Days and a Night,
With this Dragon did fight,
Our Champion on the Ground;
Tho' their Strength it was great,
Yet their Skill it was neat,
They never had one Wound.

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,
The Dragon gave him ſuch a knock,
Which made him to Reel,
And ſtrait way he thought
To lift him as high as a Rock;
And thence let him fall,
But *More* of *More-Hall*,
Like a valiant Son of *Mars*;
As he came like a Lout,
So he turned him about,
And hit him a kick on the Arſe.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,
And turned ſix times together,
Sobbing, and tearing, curſing and ſwearing
Out of his Throat of Leather,
Oh, thou Raskal,
More of *More-Hall*,
Would I had ſeen you never,
With the thing at thy Foot,
Thou haſt prickt my Arſe Gut,
Oh, I am quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd
Alack, alack, for Grief,
Had you but miſt that Place, you could
Have done me no Miſchief:
Then his Head he ſhak'd,
Trembled, and Quak'd

And down he laid and cry'd:
First on one Knee,
Then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kick'd, ſhit, and dyed.

The CLOAKS KNAVERY.



COme buy my new Ballad,
I have't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear pleaſe every Palate:
Then mark what enſu'th,
I ſwear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth:
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.
'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown
That crampt all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

I'll tell you in brief,
A ſtory of Grief,
Which hapen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:
It tore Common Prayers;
Impriſon'd Lord Mayors,
In one day it voted down Prelates and Players;
It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,
And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That crampt all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

It was a Black Cloke,
In good time be it ſpoke,
That kill'd many thouſands but never ſtruck ſtroke:
With Hatchet and Rope,
The forlorn Hope,
Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
It ſet all the Sects in the City to work,
And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the *Turk*.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It ſeiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
Thoſe fierce Demi-Gorgons;
It brought in the Bagpipes and pull'd down the Organs,
The Pulpits did ſmoak,
The Churches did choak;
And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:
It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read;
It ſet *Publick Faith* up, and pull'd down the Creed.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious impoſtor
Such fury did foſter,
It left us no penny nor no *Pater Noſter*:
It threw to the Ground
Ten commandments down,
And ſet up twice twenty times ten of its own:
It routed the King, and Villains elected,
To plunder all thoſe whom they thought diſaffected.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind People's Eyes.
This Cloak was ſo wiſe,
It took off Ship-money, but ſet up Exciſe:
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reaſons of State,
And gave it to *Tom Trumpeter* and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it writ many ſpecious Epiſtles,
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whiſtles.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In pulpits it moved
And was much approved,
For crying out——*Fight the Lord's Battel, beloved:*
It bobtayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Miter to reach at the Crown:
And into the Field it an army did bring,
To aim at the Council, but ſhot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raiſed up States,
Whoſe politick pates
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:
To Father and mother,
To ſiſter and Brother,
It gave a commiſſion to kill one another:
It took up mens Horſes at very low rates,
And plunder'd our Goods to ſecure our Eſtates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable Deed,
It made the beſt mirror of Majeſty bleed:
Tho' Cloak did not do't,
He ſet it on Foot,
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
For never had come ſuch a bloody Diſaſter,
If Cloak had not firſt drawn a Sword at his Maſter.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Though ſome of them went hence
By ſorrowful Sentence,
This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance,
But he and his Men,
Twenty thouſand times ten
Are plotting to do their tricks over again:
But let this proud Cloak to Authority ſtoop,
Or *DUN* will provide him a Button and Loop:
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That baſely did ſever the Head from the Crown.

Let's pray, that the King,
And his Parliament,
In ſacred and ſecular Things may conſent;
So Righteouſly firm,
And Religiouſly free;
That Papiſts and Atheiſts ſuppreſſed may be.
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us,
Then Peace, Truth and Plenty our Kingdom will crown,
And all Popiſh Plots and their Plotters ſhall down.

Blanket-Fair, *or the Hiſtory of* Temple-ſtreet.

Being a Relation of the merry pranks play'd on the River of Thames *during the great Froſt!*
Tune Packington's pound.

Come liſten a while (tho' the Weather be cold)
In your *Pockets* and *Plackets* your hands you may hold.
I'll tell you a *Story* as true as 'tis rare,
Of a *River* turn'd into a *Bartholomew*-Fair;
Since old *Chriſtmaſs* laſt
There has been ſuch a *Froſt*.
That the *Thames* has by half the whole *Nation* been croſt.
Oh *Scullers* I pity your fate of extreams,
Each *Land-man* is now become free of the *Thames*.

'Tis,

'Tis ſome *Lapland Acquaintance* of Conjurer *Oates*
That has ty'd up your hands and Impriſoned your *Boats*;
You know he was ever a Friend to the Crew
Of all thoſe that to Admiral *James* have been true.
Where *Sculls* did once *Row*
Men walk to and fro,
But e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be ſo.
Should your hopes of a *Thaw* by this weather be croſt,
Your *Fortune* will ſoon be as hard as the *Froſt*.

In *Roaſt-Beef* and *Brandy* much Money is ſpent,
And *Booths* made of *Blankets* that pay no ground-rent;
With old faſhion'd *Chimneys* the *Rooms* are ſecur'd
And the Houſes from danger of Fire are enſured.
The chief place you meet
Is call'd *Temple-ſtreet*,
If you do not believe me, then you may go and ſee't.
From the *Temple* the *Students* do thither reſort,
Who were always great *Patrons* of *Revels* and *Sport*.

The *Citizen* comes with his *Daughter* or *Wife*,
And ſwears he ne'er ſaw ſuch a ſight in his Life:
The *Prentices* ſtarv'd at home for want of *Coals*
To catch them a *beat* do flock thither in *ſhoals*,
While the Country *Squire*
Does ſtand and admire,
At the wondrous conjunction of *Water* and *Fire*.
Strait comes an arch *Wag* a young *Son of a Whore*,
And lays the *Squires head* where his *heels* were before.

The *Rotterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting *Scates*,
To pleaſure the *crowd* ſhews his *tricks* and his *feats*,
Who like a *Rope-dancer* (for his ſharp *Steels*)
His *Brains* and Activity lie in his *Heels*.
Here all things like fate
Are in ſlippery ſtate,
From the *ſole* of the *Foot* to the *Crown* of the *Pate*.
While the *Rabble* in *Sledges* run giddily round,
And nought but a circle of folly is found.

Here

Here *Damſels* are handled like *Nymphs* in the *Bath*,
By *Gentlemen-Uſhers* with *Legs* like a *Lath*;
They *ſlide* to a *Tune*, and cry give me your *Hand*,
When the tottering *Fops* are ſcarce able to ſtand.
Then with fear and with care
They arrive at the *Fair*.
Where *Wenches* ſell *Glaſſes* and crackt *Earthen-ware*;
To ſhew that the World and the pleaſures it brings,
Are made up of brittle and ſlippery things.

A *Spark* of the *Bar* with his *Cane* and his *Muff*,
One day went to treat his new rigg'd *Kitchen-ſtuff*,
Let ſlip from her *Gallant*, the gay *Damſel* try'd
(As oft ſhe had done in the *Country*) to ſlide,
In the way lay a ſtump,
That with a damn'd thump.
She broke both her *Shooe-ſtrings* and crippl'd her *Rump*.
The heat of her *Buttocks* made ſuch a great *thaw*,
She had like to have drowned the Man of the *Law*.

All you that are warm both in *Body* and *Purſe*,
I give you this *warning* for better or worſe,
Be not there in *Moonſhine*, pray take my advice,
For ſlippery things have been done on the *Ice*.
Maids there have been ſaid
To loſe *Maiden-head*.
And *Sparks* from full *Pockets* gone empty to *Bed*.
If their *Brains* and their *Bodies* had not been too warm,
It is forty to one they had come to leſs harm.

The praiſe of the Dairy-Maid, *with a lick at the* Cream Pot, *or a Fading* Roſe. *To the foregoing Tune.*

LET Wine turn a *Spark* and Ale huff like a *Hector*,
Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and *Jove* his rich *Nectar*.
Neither *Cider* nor *Sherry*,
Metheglin nor *Perry*, Shall

Shall more make me *Drunk*, which the vulgar call *merry*:
Theſe *Drinks* o'er my *Fancy* no more ſhall prevail,
But I'll take a full ſoop at the merry *Milk*-pail.

In praiſe of a *Dairy* I purpoſe to ſing;
But all things in order firſt, *God ſave the King*,
And the *Queen* I may ſay,
That ev'ry *May-day*,
Has many fair *Dairy-Maids*, all fine and gay.
Aſſiſt me, fair Damſels, to finiſh this Theme,
And inſpire my *fancy* with *Strawberries* and *Cream*.

The firſt of fair *Dairy-Maids* if you'll believe,
Was *Adam's* own Wife, your Great-granmother *Eve*,
She milk'd many a Cow,
As well ſhe knew how,
Tho *Butter* was then not ſo cheap as 'tis now;
She hoarded no *Butter* nor *Cheeſe* on a Shelf,
For the *Butter* and *Cheeſe* in thoſe days made it ſelf.

In that age or time there was no damn'd *Money*,
Yet the *Children* of *Iſrael* fed upon *Milk* and *Honey*:
No *Queen* you could ſee
Of the higheſt Degree,
But would milk the *Brown Cow* with the meaneſt ſhe.
Their *Lambs* gave them Cloathing, their *Cows* gave them Meat,
In a plentifull Peace all their *Joys* were compleat.

But now of the making of *Cheeſe* we ſhall treat,
That *Nurſer* of *Subjects*, bold *Britain's* chief *Meat*.
When they firſt begin it,
To ſee how the *Rennet*
Begets the firſt *Curd*, you wou'd wonder what's in it.
Then from the blew *whey*, when they put the *Curds* by,
They look juſt like *Amber* or Clouds in the *Sky*.
Your *Turkey Sherbet* and *Arabian Tea*
Is Diſh-water ſtuff to a Diſh of a new *Whey*;
For it cools Head and Brains,
Ill vapours it drains,

And

And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains.
Court-Ladies i'th' morning will drink a whole Pottle,
And ſend out their *Pages* with *Tankard* and *Bottle*.

Thou *Daughter* of *Milk*, and *Mother* of *Butter*,
Sweet *Cream* thy due praiſes how ſhall I now utter?
For when at the beſt,
A thing's well expreſs'd,
We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Feſt*:
Had I been a *Mouſe*, I believe in my Soul
I had long ſince been *drowned* in a *Cream bowl*.

The *Elixir of Milk*, the *Dutch*-men's delight,
By motion and tumbling thou bringeſt to light;
But oh, the ſoft ſtream
That remains of the *Cream*!
Old *Morpheus* ne'er taſted ſo ſweet in a dream:
It removes all *Obſtructions* depreſſes the Spleen,
And makes an old *Bawd* like a *Wench* of fifteen.

Amongſt the rare *Virtues* that *Milk* does produce,
A thouſand more *Dainties* are daily in uſe;
For a *Pudding* I'll tell ye,
E'er it goes in the Belly,
Muſt have both good *Milk* and the *Cream* and the *Felly*:
For a dainty fine *Pudding* without *Cream* or *Milk*,
Is like a *Citizen's* Wife without *Satten* or *Silk*.

In the Virtue of *Milk* there's more to be muſter'd,
The charming delights of *Cheeſe Cakes* and *Cuſtard*;
For at *Tottenham-Court*
You can have no ſport,
Unleſs you give *Cuſtards* and good *Cheeſe Cakes* for't:
And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to laugh;
Unleſs he hath got a great *Cuſtard* to quaff.
Both *Pancakes* and *Fritters* of *Milk* have good ſtore,
But a *Devorſhire White-pot* requires much more.
No ſtate you can think,
Tho' you ſtudy and wink,

From

From the luſty *Sack-poſſet* to poor *Poſſet-drink*,
But *Milk*'s the Ingredient, tho' *Sack's* ne'er the worſe;
For 'tis *Sack* makes the Man, tho' *Milk* makes the Nurſe.

But now I ſhall treat of a Diſh that is *cool*,
A rich *clouted Cream* or a *Goose-berry-Fool*;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her *Husband* a *Fool*, and yet pleas'd him full well.
Give thanks to the *Dairy* then every Lad,
That from good natur'd *Women* ſuch *Fools* may be had.

When the Damſel has got the Cows Teat in her hand,
How ſhe merrily ſings, while ſmiling I ſtand,
Then with a pleaſure I rub,
Yet impatient I ſcrub,
When I think of the Bleſſing of a *Syllabub*:
Oh *Dairy-maids*, *Milk-maids*, ſuch bliſs ne'er *oppoſe*,
If e'er you'll be happy; I ſpeak under the *Roſe*.

This *Roſe* was a Maiden once of your profeſſion,
Till the *Rake* and the *Spade* had taken poſſeſſion;
At length it was ſaid,
That one Mr. *Ed——mond*
Did both *dig* and *ſow* in her *Parſly-Bed*;
But the *Fool* for his labour deſerves not a *Ruſh*,
For grafting a *Thiſtle* upon a *Roſe buſh*.

Now *Milk*-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all;
Mind well your Milk-pan,
And ne'er touch a man,
And you'll ſtill be a Maid, let him do what he can.
I am your well-wiſher, then liſten to my word.
And give no more Milk than the *Cow* can afford.

The Old Mans Wish.



IF I live to grow old (for I find I go down)
Let this be my Fate, In a fair Countrey Town
Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate;
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away;
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

In

In a Country Town, by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at diſtance whereon I may look;
With a ſpacious plain without Hedge or ſtile,
And an eaſie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern my paſſion, &c.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more
Of the beſt Wits that liv'd in the Ages before:
With a Diſh of Roaſt Mutton, not Venſon nor Teal,
And clean (tho' courſe) Linen at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on *Sundays*, and ſtout humming Liquor,
And remnants of *Latin* to welcome the Vicar,
With a hidden reſerve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the Kings Health in as oft as I Dine.
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown ſhort, and it Freezes and Snows,
May I have a Coal-fire as high as my Noſe;
A Fire (which once ſtirr'd up with a Prong)
Will keep the Room temperate all the night long.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my laſt day;
And when I am dead may the better ſort ſay,
In the morning when ſober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow:
For he govern'd his Paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grew wiſer and better as his ſtrength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

The Old Womans Wiſh. Tune The Old Mans Wiſh.

When my hairs they grow hoary, & my cheeks they look pale,
When my forehead hath wrinkles, and my eye-ſight doth fail
Let

Let my words both and Actions be free from all harm
And have my old Husband to keep my Back warm.
The Pleaſures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,
Our life's but a Vapour, our Body's but Clay;
Oh! let me live well, though I live but one day.

With a Sermon on *Sunday*, and a Bible of good print,
With a Pot o'er the Fire, and good *Victuals* in't;
With *Ale*, *Beer*, and *Brandy*, both *Winter* and *Summer*,
To drink to my Goſſip and be pledg'd by my cummer.
The Pleaſures of Youth, &c.

With *Pigs* and with *Poultry*, with ſome *Money* in ſtore,
To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the poor:
With a bottle of *Canary*, to drink without ſin,
And to comfort my Daughter when that ſhe lies In.
The Pleaſures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed ſoft and eaſie, to reſt on at night;
With a Maid in the morning to riſe when 'tis light;
To do her work neatly, to obey my deſire,
To make the houſe clean, and to blow up the Fire.
The Pleaſures of Youth, &c.

With Coals, and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair,
With a thick *Hood* & *Mantle*, when I ride on my Mare:
Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foes,
With a pair of Glaſs Eyes to clap on my Noſe.
The Pleaſures of Youth, &c.

And when I am dead, with a ſigh let them ſay,
Our honeſt old Gammer is laid in the Clay:
When young ſhe was chearful no *Scold* nor no *Whore*,
She helped her Neighbours and gave to the Poor:
Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,
Though her life was a Vapour, that vaniſh'd away,
She liv'd well and happy until the laſt day.

The

The Old Woman's Wiſh to the ſame Tune.

If I live to be old, which I never will own,
Let this be my Fortune in Country or Town;
Let me have a warm *Bit*, with two more in ſtore,
And a Luſty young Fellow to rub me before.
May I give to my Paſſion an abſolute ſway,
Till with mumping & grunting my Breath's worn away
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.

In a dry Chimny Nook with a *Rug* and warm cloths,
A ſwinging Coal-fire ſtill under my Noſe;
Witha large Elbow Chair to ſit at the Fire,
And a Crutch, or a Staff to the Bed to retire.
May I give to my Paſſion &c.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, with Cuſtard and Plums,
When my Teeth are all out, for to eaſe my old Gums;
With a dram of the Bottle, each day a freſh quart,
Reſerv'd in a corner to cheer up my heart.
May I give to my Paſſion, &c.

With a Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,
And to ſing *Chevy-Chaſe* o'er á pot of good Ale,
A *Snuff-box*, and ſhort Pipe ſnug under the Range,
And a clean Flannel ſhift as oft as I change.
May I give to my Paſſion, &c.

Without *Palſy* or *Gout*, may I die in my Chair,
And when dead, may my *Great Great Grandchild*, declare
She's gone who ſo long had cheated the Devil,
And the World is well rid of a troubleſom evil.
That gave to her Paſſion an abſolute ſway.
Till with mumping and grunting her breath wore away,
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.

Tom

Tom *and* Doll, *or the Modeſt Maids Delight.*



WHen the Kine had given a Pail full,
And the *Sheep* came bleating home,
Doll who knew it would be healthful,
Went a walking with young *Tom*:
Hand in hand Sir,
O're the Land Sir,
As they walked to and fro.
Tom made jolly Love to *Dolly*,
But was anſwer'd, *No, no, no no, no,* &c.

Faith ſays *Tom* the time is fitting,
We ſhall never get the like;
You can never get from Knitting,
Whil'ſt I'm Digging in the Dike:

Now

Now we're gone too,
And alone too,
No one by to ſee or know;
Come, come, *Dolly* prithee ſhall I?
Still ſhe anſwer'd, *No, no, no, no,* &c.

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
In what ſnares you'd make us fall,
You'll get nothing but the folly,
But I ſhall get the Devil and all;
Tom with ſobs,
And ſome dry Bobs,
Cry'd, *you're a fool to argue ſo*;
Come come, *Dolly*, ſhall I? ſhall I?
Still ſhe anſwer'd, *No, no, no, no,* &c.

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to *Love's* a Friend confeſt,
By the hand he often ſhook her,
And drank brimmers to the beſt, &c.
Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm;
Till after a briſk Pint or two,
To what he ſaid the ſilly Maid,
Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no,* &c.

She ſwore he was the prettieſt Fellow
In the Country or the Town,
And began to grow ſo mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down;
Tom came to her,
For to woe her
Thinking this the time to try:
Something paſt ſo kind at laſt,
Her no was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I,* &c.

Cloſely then they join'd their Faces,
Lovers you know what I mean,
Nor could ſhe hinder his Embraces,
Love was now too far got in;

Both

Both now lying,
Panting dying,
Calms ſucceed the ſtormy Joy,
Tom would fain renew't again,
And ſhe conſents with *I*, *I*, *I*, *I*, *I*, *I*, &c.

The Wincheſter *Wedding*; *or* Ralph *of* Redding, *and* Black beſs *of the* Green.



AT *Wincheſter* Was a Wedding,
The like was never ſeen,
Twixt luſty *Raph* of *Redding*,
And bonny black *Beſs* of the *Green*:
The Fidlers were Crouding before,
Each Laſs was as fine as a Queen,

There

There was a hundred and more,
For all the Country came in:
Brisk *Robin* led *Roſe* ſo fair,
She look't like a Lily o'th Vale,
And Ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came ſmiling *Katy*,
He helpt her over the Stile,
And ſwore there was none ſo pretty,
In forty and forty long mile.
Kit gave a Green-Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his hand to riſe,
But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blew under the eyes:
Thus merrily chatting all,
They paſs'd to the *Bride-houſe* along,
With *Johnny* and pretty-fac'd *Nanny*,
The faireſt of all the throng-

The Bride groom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was ſpoil'd,
And uſher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With *Bak'd*, and *Roaſted*, and *boyl'd*,
The Lads were ſo frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his ſide,
But *Willy* was Melancholy,
For he had a mind to the Bride.
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer Glaſs on his thumb,
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking
The beſt in *Chriſtendom*.

And now they had Din'd, advancing
Into the midſt of the *Hall*,
The Fidlers ſtruck up for dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the *Brawl*:
But *Margery* kept a quarter,
A Laſs that was proud of her pelf,

Cauſe

Cauſe *Arthur* had ſtollen her Garter.
And ſwore he would tie it himſelf:
She ſtrugl'd and bluſht, and frown'd,
And ready with anger to cry,
'Cauſe *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
Had ſlip'd his hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
The Bride away was led,
The Bridegroom got Drunk and was knocking
For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
But *Robin* that found him ſilly,
Moſt friendly took him aſide,
The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
Was playing at *Hoopers-hide*;
And now the warm *Game* begins,
The *Critical minute* was come
And Chatting & Billing, and Kiſſing,
Went merrily round the Room,

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
And blith as a Bird in the Spring,
And *Tommy* was ſo to *Katy*,
And Wedded her with a *Ruſh Ring*:
Sukey that danc'd with the *Cuſhion*,
An hour from the room had been gone,
And *Barraby* knew by her bluſhing,
That ſome other Dance had been done;
And thus of fifty fair Maids,
That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
That ſo did return again.

John Dory, *made upon his Expedition into* France.



AS it fell on a Holy day,
As it fell on a Holy-day,
And upon a Holy-tide *a*,
And upon a Holy-tide *a*.

And when *John Dory* to *Paris* was come,
A litle before the Gate *a*;
John Dory was fitted, the Porter was witted
To let him in thereat *a*.

The firſt Man that *John Dory* did meet,
Was good King *John* of *France* a;
John Dory could well of his courteſie,
But fell down in a trance *a*.

A Pardon, A Pardon, my Liege and my King,
For my merry Men and for me *a*;
And all the Churls in merry *England*,
I'll bring them all bound to thee *a*.

And *Nichol* was then a Corniſh man,
A little beſide *Bobide* a;
And he mann'd forth a good black Bark
With fifty good Oars on a ſide *a*.

Run up my Boy, unto the main Top,
And look what thou canſt ſpy *a*;
Who ho! who ho! a goodly Ship I do ſee,
I trow it be *John Dory a*;

They hoiſt their Sails, both top and top,
The Miſein and all was try'd *a*;
And every Man ſtood to his Lot,
What ever ſhould betide *a*.

The Roaring Cannons then were ply'd:
And Dub-a-dub- went the Drum *a*;
The ſounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,
To courage both all and ſome *a*.

The grappling Hooks were brought at length,
The brown bill and the Sword *a*,
John Dory at length, for all his ſtrengh,
Was clap'd faſt under board *a*.

A Second part of John Dory, *to the ſame Tune, upon Sir* John S—— *Expedition into* Scotland 1639.

SIr *John* got him an ambling Nag,
To *Scotland* for to ride *a*;
With a hundred Horſe more than his own,
To guard him on each ſide *a*;

No arrant Knight e'er went to fight,
With half ſo gay a *Serado*;
Had you ſeen but his Look, you'd a ſworn on a Book,
He'd conquer'd a whole *Armado*.

The Ladies ran all to the windows to ſee,
So noble and gallant a ſight *a*;
And as he rode by, they began to cry,
Sir *John* why will you go to fight *a*.

But he like a cruel Knight rode on,
His Heart would not relent *a*;
For till he came there he ſhew'd no fear,
Why then ſhould he repent *a*;

The King (God bleſs) had ſingular hopes,
Of him, and all his Troop *a*;
The Bord'rers as they met him o'th' way,
For Joy did hollow and hoop *a*

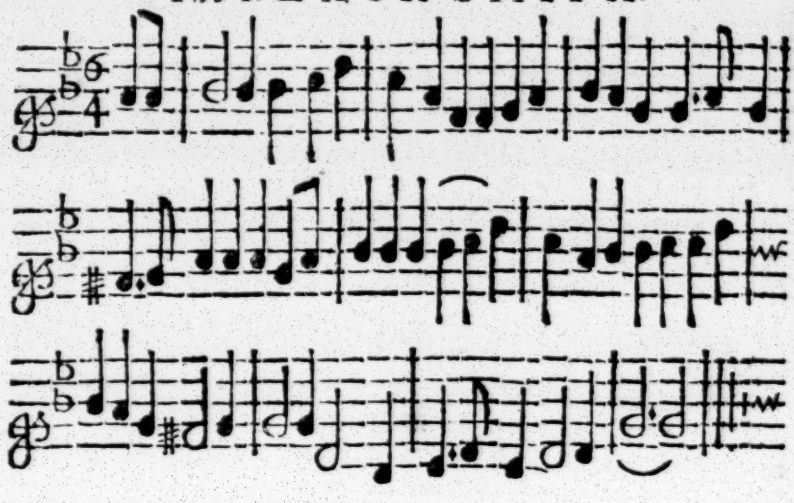
None lik'd him ſo well as his own Colonel,
who took him for *John Du-wart* a;
But when there were ſhews of Gunning and Blows,
Sir *John* was nothing ſo pert *a*.

For when the *Scotch* Army came in ſight,
All Men were prepared to fight *a*;
He run to his Tent, and ask'd what they meant
And ſwore he muſt needs go ſhite *a*.

His Colonel ſent for him back again,
To quarter him in the Van *a*;
But Sir John did ſwear he came not there,
To be kill'd the very firſt man *a*;

To cure his fear he was ſent i'th' Rear,
Some ten miles back and more *a*;
Where he fell to play at Tray trip for Hey,
And ne'er ſaw the Enemy more *a*;

The BLACK-SMITH.



OF all the trades that ever I ſee,
There's none to a *Black-ſmith* compared may be,
With ſo many ſeveral Tools works he.
Which no body can deny.

The firſt that ever Thunder-bolt made,
Was a *Cyclops* of the *Black-ſmith*'s trade,
As in a learned Author is ſaid,
Which no body &c.

When Thund'ring like we ſtrike about,
The Fire like lightning flaſhes out,
Which ſuddenly with water we d'out,
Which no body &c.

The faireſt Goddeſs in the Skies
To marry with *Vulcan* did adviſe,
And he was a *Black-ſmith* grave and wiſe,
Which no body &c.

Vulcan he to do her right,
Did build her a Town by day and by night,
And gave it a name which was *Hammer-ſmith* hight;
Which no body &c. *Vul-*

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Eſtate he would appoint her,
And leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter.
Which, no body &c.

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a fort you'd wiſh no ſtronger,
Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which no body &c.

Smithfield he did cleanſe from dirt,
And ſure there was reaſon for't,
For there he meant ſhe ſhould keep her court,
Which no body &c.

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the *Black-ſmith* rectifi'd,
To the honour of *Edmond Iron-ſide*;
Which no body &c.

Vulcan after made a train,
Wherein the God of War was ta'en,
Which ever ſince hath been call'd *Paul's chain*;
Which no body &c

The Common Proverb as it is read,
That a man muſt hit the nail on the head,
Without the *Black-ſmith* cannot be ſaid;
Which no body &c.

Another muſt not be forgot,
And falls unto the *Black-ſmiths* lot,
That a muſt ſtrike while the *Iron* is hot;
Which no body &c,

Another comes in moſt proper and fit,
The *Black-ſmith's* Juſtice is ſeen in it,
When you give a man roaſt-meat and beat him with the ſpit.
Which nobody &c.

Another comes in our *Black-ſmith's way*
When things are ſafe as old wives ſay,
We have them under Lock and Key,
Which no body &c.

Another that's in the *Black-ſmith's* books
And only to him for remedy looks
Is when a man is quite off the hooks,
Which no body &c.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore lets do the *Black-ſmith* no wrong
When a man's held hard to it buckle and thong;
Which no body &c.

Another proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the *Black-ſmith* may challengehalf
When a Reaſon's as plain as a Pike-ſtaff,
Which no body, &c.

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,
And by long pleading a good Cauſe may mar,
Yet your *Black-ſmith* takes more pains at the Barr.
Which no body, &c.

Tho' your Scrivener ſeeks to cruſh and to kill
By his counterfeit deeds and thereby doth ill,
Yet your *Black-ſmith* may forge what he will;
Which no body, &b.

Tho your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
And laugh at their Creditors and their catch-poles,
Yet your *Black-ſmith* can fetch them over the coals;
Which no body, &c.

Though *Jockey* in the ſtable be never ſo neat,
To look to his nag, and preſcribe him his meat,
Yet your *Black-ſmith* knows better how to give him a heat
Which no body, &c,

If

If any Taylor have the itch,
The *Black-ſmith's* water as black as pitch
Will make his hands go thorough ſtitch;
Which no body &c.

There's never a ſlut if filth o'er ſmutch her,
But owes to the *Black-ſmith* for her leacher
For without a pair of tongs there's no man would touch her;
Which no body, &c.

Your Roaring boys who every one quails,
Fights, domineers, ſwaggers and rails,
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his Nails
Which no body, &c.

If any Scholar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring this matter about,
The *Blackſmith* can hammer it out;
Which no body &c.

Now if to know him you would deſire,
You muſt not ſcorn but rank him higher,
For what he gets is out of the Fire;
Which no body &c.

Now here's a good health to *Black-ſmiths* all
And let it go round as round as a ball,
We'll drink it all off though it coſt us a fall;
Which no body &c.

The BREWER. *To the Tune of the* Blackſmiths.

There's many Clinching verſe is made,
In honour of the *Black-ſmith*'s trade,
But more of the *Brewer* may be ſaid ;
which no body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The *Blackſmith* cannot be compleat,
Unleſs the Brewer do give him a heat ;
which no body can deny.

When Snug unto the Forge doth come,
Unleſs the Brewer doth Liquor him home,
He'll never ſtrike, my pot, and thy pot, *Tom* ;
which no body can deny.

Of all profeſſions in the town,
The Brewers trade hath gain'd renown,
His liquor reaches up to the crown ;
which no body can deny.

Many new Lord from him there did ſpring,
Of all the trades he ſtill was their King,
For the Brewer had the world in a ſling ;
which no body can deny.

He ſcorneth all laws and Marſhall ſtops
But whips an army as round as tops,
And cuts off his foes as thick as hops ;
which no body can deny.

He dives for riches down to the bottom,
And crys my maſters when he has got 'em,
Let every Tub ſtand upon his own bottom,
which no body can deny.

In

In warlike acts he ſcorns to ſtoop,
For when his army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a hoop;
which no body can deny.

The Jewiſh *Scot* that ſcorns to Eat,
The fleſh of Swine and Brewers beat,
'Twas the ſight of his Hogs-head made 'em retreat
which no body can deny.

Poor *Jockey* and his basket hilt,
Was beaten, and much blood was ſpilt,
And their bodies like barrels did run a tilt,
which no body can deny.

Though *Jemmy* gave the firſt aſſault
The Brewer at laſt made him to halt,
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt;
which no body can deny.

They cry'd that Antichriſt came to ſettle,
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,
For his Noſe and copper were both of one Metal.
which no body can deny

Some Chriſtian Kings began to quake,
And ſaid with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make
We'll let him alone as he brews let him bake;
which no body can deny.

He hath a ſtrong and very ſtout heart.
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,
But the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart;
which no body can deny.

If any intended to do him diſgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He always did carry his furnace in his face;
which no body can deny.

But yet by the way you muſt underſtand,
He kept his Foes ſo under command,
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand;
which no body can deny.

He was a ſtout Brewer of whom we may brag;
But now he is hurried away with a hag,
He brews in a bottle and bakes in a bag;
which no body can deny.

And now may all ſtout Soldiers ſay,
Farewel the glory of the day,
For the Brewer himſelf is turn'd to clay;
which no body can deny

Thus fell the brave Brewer the bold ſon of ſlaughter,
We need not to fear, what ſhall follow after,
For he dealt all his time in fire and water,
which no body can deny.

And if his ſucceſſor had had but his might,
Then we had not been in a pitiful plight,
But he was found many grains too light;
which no body can deny.

Let's leave of ſinging, and drink off our bub,
We'll call up a reckoning, and every man club,
For I think I have told you a tale of a tub;
which no body can deny.

The Infallible Doctor.



From *France* from *Spain* from *Rome* I come,
And from all Parts of *Chriſtendum*,
For to cure all ſtrange diſeaſes,
Come take phyſick he that pleaſes:
Come ye broken Maids that ſcatter,
And can never hold your water,
I can teach you it to keep;
And other things are very meet.
As, groaning backward in your ſleep.

Come an ugly dirty whore,
That is at leaſt Threeſcore or more,
Whoſe face and noſe ſtands all awry,
As if you'd fear to paſs her by;
I can make her plump and young,
Lufty lively and alſo ſtrong,
Honeſt, active, fit to wed,
And can recall her Maiden-head:
All this is done as ſoon as ſaid.

If any man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life
With ſcolding, yoleing in the houſe,
As tho the Devil was turn'd looſe;
Let him but repair to me,
I can cure her preſently
With one Pill I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that evil.
Or ſend her head-long to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palſey, and the Gout,
Pains within, and Achs without,
There is no diſeaſe but I
Can find a preſent remedy:
Broken Legs and Arms, I'm ſure,
Are the eaſieſt Wounds I cure:
Nay more than that I will maintain,
Break your Neck, I'll ſet it again,
Or ask you nothing for my pain.

Or if any man has not,
The heart to fight againſt the *Scot*,
I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing
Or any that has been dead,
Seven long years and buried;
I can him to life reſtore,
And make him as ſound as he was before,
Elſe let him never truſt me more.

If any man deſire to live
A thouſand ages let him give
Me a thouſand pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life unleſs he dye;
Nay more I'll teach him a better trick,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be ſick:
But if I no mony ſee,
And he with diſeaſes troubled be,
Then he may thank himſelf not me.

A SONG *made on the Downfall, or pulling down of* Charing-Croſs, *An. Dom.* 1642.



UNdone! undone! the Lawyers are,
They wander about the Town,
And cannot find the way to *Weſtminſter*;
Now *Charing-Croſs* is down:
At the end of the *Strand* the make a ſtand,
Swearing they are at a loſs;
And chafing ſay, That's not the way,
They muſt go by *Charing Croſs*.

The Parliament to Vote it down,
Conceived very fitting,
For fear't ſhould fall and kill em all
I'th houſe as they were ſitting,
Th were inform'd't had ſuch a plot,
Which mad em ſo hard hearted,
To give expreſs command, it ſhould be
Taken down and carted

Men

Men talk of Plots, this might been worſe,
For any thing I know,
Than that *Tomkins* and *Chalenour*,
Was hang'd for long ago:
But as our Parliament from that,
Themſelves ſtrangely defended;
So ſtill they do diſcover Plots,
Before they be intended.

For neither *Man*, Woman nor Child,
Will ſay I'm confident,
They ever heard it ſpeak one word,
Againſt the Parliament:
T' had letters about it ſome ſay
Or elſe it had been freed;
Fore-God I'll take my oath that it,
Could neither write nor read.

The Committee ſaid, Verily
To Popery 'twas bent,
For ought I know it might be ſo,
For to the Church it never went:
What with Exciſe, and other loſs,
The Kingdom doth begin,
To think you'll leave 'em neer a Croſs,
Without Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council ſhould,
Of it have taken pity,
Cauſe good old Croſs, it always ſtood,
So ſtrongly to the City:
Since Croſſes you ſo much diſdain,
Faith if I was as you,
For fear the King ſhould Rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too,

TOM a BEDLAM.

FOrth from the dark and diſmal Cell,
And from the deep abyſs of Hell,
Mad *Tom* is come to view the the world again,
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd brain.

Fears and Cares oppreſs my ſoul;
Hark how the angry Furies how
Pluto laughs and *Proſerpine* is glad,
To ſee poor naked *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander night and day,
To find my ſtraggling ſenſes,
In an angry mood old *Time*,
With his Pentateuch of Tenſes.

When me he ſpyes away he flies,
For *Time* will ſtay for no Man;
In vain with crys I rend the skies,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I lie,
Help! o help! or elſe I die;
Hark I hear *Apollo*'s Team,
The Carman gins to whiſtle;
Chaſt *Diana* bends her bow,
And the Boar begins to briſtle.

Come *Vulcan* with tools and tackles,
And knock off my troubleſome ſhackles.
Bid *Charles* make ready his wain,
To find my loſt ſenſes again.

Laſt night I heard the Dog-ſtar bark,
Mars met *Janus* in the dark;

Limp-

Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron bar,
And furiously ran at the God of War.

Mars with his weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had the gout,
For his broad horns hung so in his light,
That he could not see to aim aright.

Mercury the nimble post of Heaven,
Stay'd to see the quarrel,
Gorrel belly *Bacchus* giantly bestrid,
A strong-beer barrel:

To me he drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider;
He drank whole Buts till he burst his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little drink for Charity:
Hark; I hear *Acteon*'s hounds,
The Hunts-man Whoops and Hallows
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the chace doth follow.

The man in the moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder'd Beef Turnep and Carret,
But a Cup of old *Malago* Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his back.

A SONG *made on the Power of Women. To the Tune of the* Blackſmith.

WIll you give me leave, and I'll tell you a ſtory,
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye
It ſhall do more good than ten of *John Dory* ;
Which no body can deny.

Tis no Story of *Robin hood*, nor of his Bow-men,
I mean to demonſtrate the power of women,
It is a ſubject that's very common ;
Which no body *&c.*,

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,
And in ſpite of Criticks give you my narration,
For Women now are all in faſhion,
Which no body, *&c.*

Then pray give me advice as much as you may,
For of all things that ever bore ſway,
A Woman beareth the Bell away ;
Which no body *&c.*

The greateſt Courage that ever rul'd,
Was baffled by fortune, tho ne'er ſo well ſchool'd,
But this of the Women can never be cool'd ;
Which no body *&c.*

I wonder from whence this power did ſpring;
Or who the Devil firſt ſet up this thing,
That ſpares neither Peaſant, Prince nor King;
Which no body *&c.*

Their Scepter doth rule from *Cæſar* to *Ruſtick*,
From finical *Kit* to ſoldier ſo luſtick,
In fine, it rules all. tho' ne'er ſo robuſtick ;
Which no body *&c.*

For

For where is he that writes himself Man,
That ever saw Beauty in *Betty* or *Nan*,
But his eyes turn'd pimp and his heart trapan?
Which no body &c.

I fain would know one of *Adam*'s Race,
Tho' ne'er so holy a Brother of Grace,
If he met a loose sister, but he wou'd embrace;
Which no body, &c.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,
Whose Desires were hot tho' their Natures cold,
But in this kind of pleasure they commonly roul'd
Which no Body, &c.

First *Aristotle*, that jolly old fellow,
Wrote much of *Venus* but little of *Bellow*,
Which shew'd he lov'd a Wench that was mellow,
Which no body can deny,

From whence do you think he derived Study,
Produc'd all his problems a Subject so muddy
Twas playing with her at Cuddle my Cuddy;
Which no body &c.

The next in order is *Socrates* grave,
Who triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge yet gave,
His heart to *Aspatia*, and became her slave;
Which no body &c.

Demosthenes to *Corinth* he took a Voyage
We shall scarce know the like on't in thy Age or my Age
And all was for a *Modicum Pyeage*.
Which no body &c.

The *Proverb* in him a whit did not fail,
For he had those things which make men prevail,
A Sweet Tooth and a liquorish tayl,
Which no body, &c.

Ly-

Lycurgus and *Solon* were both Law-makers
And no Men I'm ſure are ſuch wiſeacres,
To Think that themſelves would not be partakers
Which no body &c.

An Edict they made with Approbation,
If the Husband found fault with his Wives conſolation,
He might take another for Procreation;
Which no body &c.

If the Wife found coming in ſhort,
The ſame Law did right her upon her report,
Whereby you may know, they were Lovers o'th' Sport;
Which no body &c.

And now let us view the State of a King,
Who is thought to have the World in a ſtring,
By a woman is captivated; poor thing!
Which no body, &c.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all,
And wept becauſe the world was ſo ſmall,
In the Queen of *Amazons* pit did fall;
Which no body &c.

Antonius and *Nero* and *Caligula*,
Were *Rome*'s Tormentors by night and by day,
Yet women beat them at their own Play,
Which no body &c.

A SONG on the Victory over the Turks.



HArk the thundring *Cannons* roar.
Ecchoing from the *German* shore,
And the joyful News comes o'er;
The *Turks* are all confounded?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run
Charge your Horse through the grand half Moon,
We'll *quarter* give to none,
Since *Strasmbourg* is wounded,

Close your ranks and each brave soul,
Take a lusty flowing bowl,
A grand carouse to the *Royal Pole*,
The Empires brave defender;
No man leave his post by stealth,
Plunder the *Grand Visier's* wealth,
But drink a *Helmet* full to th' *Health*
Of the second, *Alexander*.

Ma-

Mahomet was a ſober dog,
A *Small*-*Beer* drouzy ſenſeleſs *Rogue*,
The juice of the Grape ſo much in vogue
To forbid to thoſe adore him;
Had he but allow'd the *Vine*,
Given 'em leave to carouſe in *Wine*,
The *Turk* had ſafely paſt the *Rhine*,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull *Tea* they ſought in vain,
Hopeleſs Vict'ry to obtain,
Where ſprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry Vein;
Succeſs muſt needs attend him;
Our *Brains* (like our Cannons) warm,
With often firing feels no harm,
While the Sober ſet flies the alarm,
No *Laurel* can befriend him.

Chriſtians thus with conqueſt crown'd,
Conqueſt with the *Glaſs* goes round,
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground,
Againſt the force of *Claret*:
Whilſt we give them thus the Foil,
And the *Pagan troops* recoyl
The Valiant *Poles* divide the ſpoyl,
And in brisk *Nectar* ſhare it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
But the moſt Chriſtian Turks at home,
Watching the fate of *Chriſtendom*,
But all his hopes are ſhallow;
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
Let Engliſh *Cæſar* now advance,
And if he ſends a Fleet to *France*,
He's a Whig that will not follow.

A SONG.



WE be Soldiers three,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
Lately come forth of the low Country,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here Good fellow I drink to thee.
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
To all good Fellows where ever they be,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie:
Pays for the ſhot what ever it is,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Charge it again boy, charge it again,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

A SONG.



Martin ſaid to his Man,
Fie man, fie,
O *Martin* ſaid to his man,
Who's the fool now?
Martin ſaid to his man fill thou the cup,
and I the can
Thou haſt well drunken man,
Who's the fool now,

I ſee a ſheep ſheering corn,
Fie man fie,
I ſee a ſheep ſheering corn,
Who's the fool now:
I ſee a ſheep ſheering corn,
And a cuckold blow his horn,
Thou haſt well drunken man,
Who's the fool now,

I ſee a man in the Moon,
Fie man, fie :
I ſee a man in the Moon,
Who's the fool now ?
I ſee a man in the Moon,
Clowting of Saint *Peter*'s ſhoon,
Thou haſt well drunken man,
Who's the fool now?

I ſee a hare chaſe a hound,
Fie man, fie :
I ſee a hare chaſe a hound,
Who's the fool now ,
I ſee a hare chaſe a hound,
Twenty mile above the ground,
Thou haſt well drunken man,
Who's the fool now?

I ſee a gooſe ring a hogg,
Fie man fie,
I ſee a gooſe ring a hogg,
Who's the fool now ?
I ſee a gooſe ring a hogg,
And a ſnail that did bite a dogg,
Thou haſt well drunken man
Who's the fool now ?

I ſee a Mouſe catch the cat,
Fie man, fie :
I ſee a mouſe catch the cat,
Who's the fool now ?
I ſee a mouſe catch the cat,
And the cheeſe eat the rat,
Thou haſt well drunken man,
Who's the fool now ?

A SONG.



WHo liveth ſo merry in all this land,
As doth the poor widow that ſelleth the ſand?
And ever ſhe Singeth as I can gueſs,
Will you buy any ſand, any ſand, Miſtreſs?

The Broom-man maketh his living moſt ſweet,
With carrying of Brooms from ſtreet to ſtreet;
Who would deſire a pleaſanter thing,
Than all the day long to do nothing but ſing.

The Chimny-ſweeper all the long day,
He ſingeth and ſweepeth the ſoot away:
Yet when he comes home although he be weary,
With his ſweet wife he maketh full merry.

The Cobler he ſits cobling till noon,
And cobleth his ſhooes till they be done;
Yet doth he not fear, and ſo doth ſay,
For he knows his works will ſoon decay.

The Merchant-man doth ſail on the Seas,
And lie on the ſhip-board with little eaſe:
Always in doubt the Rock is near,
How can he be merry and make good chear?

The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,
And when he comes home he ſerveth his ſow;
He moileth and toileth all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good chear?

The Serving-man waiteth from ſtreet to ſtreet,
with blowing his nails and beating his feet:
And ſerveth for forty ſhillings a year,
That 'tis impoſſible to make good chear.

Who liveth ſo merry and maketh ſuch ſport,
As thoſe that be of the pooreſt ſort?
The pooreſt ſort whereſover they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three.

And every man will ſpend his penny,
What makes ſuch a ſhot among a great many?

A SONG.



Willy, prethee go to bed,
For thou wilt have a drowſie head,
To morrow we muſt a hunting,
And betimes be ſtirring,
With a hey trolly loly, loly, loly, &c.
Hey ho tro lo, lo, lo, ly, ly, lo.

It is like to be fair weather,
Couple up all thy hounds together:
Couple *Jolly* with little *Jolly*,
Couple *Trole* with old *Trolly*,
With a hey tro ly lo, lo ly,
Tro ly lo, ly lo.

Couple *Finch* with black *Trole*,
Couple *Chaunter* with *Jumboie*:
Let *Beauty* go at liberty,
For ſhe doth know her duty;
With a hey, &c.

Let *Merry* go looſe it makes no matter,
For *Cleanly* ſome times ſhe will clater,
And yet I'm ſure ſhe will not ſtray,
But keep with us ſtill all the day.
With a hey, &c.

With O maſters and wot you where,
This other day I ſtart a Hair?
On what call hill upon the knole,
And there ſhe ſtarted before *Trole*.
With a hey, &c.

And down ſhe went the common dale,
With all the hounds at her tail;
With yeaffe, a yaffe, yeaffe yaffe,
Hey *Irol*, hey *chaunter*, hey *Fumbole*.
With a hey, &c.

See how *Chooper* chopps it in,
And ſo doth *Gallant* now begin;
Look how *Trole* begins to tattle,
Tarry a while ye ſhall hear him prattle.
With a hey, &c.

For *Beauty* begins to wag her tail,
Of cleanly's help we ſhall not fail;
And *Chaunter* opens very well,
But *Merry* ſhe doth bear the bell.
With a hey, &c.

Go prick the Path, and down the laun,
She uſeth ſtill her old train
She is gone to what call wood,
Where we are like to do no good.
With hey tro ly lo, ly lo,
tro ly lo, &c.

A SONG.



YOnder comes a courteous Knight,
Luſtily raking over the hay,
He was well ware of a bonny laſs,
As ſhe came wandering over the way,
Then ſhe ſang down a down,
Hey down derry; then ſhe, *&c.*

Jove you ſpeed, fair lady, he ſaid,
Amongſt the leaves that be ſo green;
If I were a King and wore a Crown,
Full ſoon, fair lady, ſhould thou be a Queen.
Then ſhe ſang, down, *&c.*

Alſo *Jove* ſave you, fair lady,
Among the Roſes that be ſo red;
If I have not my will of you,
Full ſoon fair Lady ſhall I be dead.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

Then he look't Eaſt, then he look't Weſt,
He look't North, ſo did he South:
He could not find a privy place,
For all lay in the Devils mouth.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

If you will carry me gentle Sir,
A maid unto my fathers hall;
Then you ſhall have your will of me,
Under purple and under paul.
Then ſhe ſang &c.

He ſet her upon a ſteed,
And himſelf upon another;
And all the day he rode her by,
As though they had been ſiſter and brother.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

When ſhe came to her fathers hall,
It was well walled round about;
She rode in at the wicket gate,
And ſhut the four ear'd fool without
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

You had me (quoth ſhe) abroad in the field,
Among the corn amidſt the hay,
Where you might had you will of me,
For, in good faith ſir I never ſaid nay.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

You had me alſo amid the field,
Among the ruſhes that were ſo brown;
Where you might had your will of me,
But you had not the face to lay me down.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

He pull'd out his nut-brown ſword,
And wip'd the ruſt of with his ſleeve;
And ſaid; *Joves* curſe come to his heart
That any woman would believe.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

When you have your own true love,
A mile or twain out of the town,
Spare not for her gay clothing,
But lay her body flat on the ground.
Then ſhe ſang. &c.

The Country-Man's Ramble through Bartholomew-fair.



ADzooks ches went the other day to London town,
In *Smithfield* ſuch gazing,
Zuch thruſting and ſqueezing,
Was never known,
A Zitty of Wood, ſome Volk do call it *Bartledom*-Fair,
But ches zure nought but Kings and Queens live there

In *Gold and Zilver*, *Zilk* and *Velvet* each was dreſt,
a Lord in his Zattin,
Was buſſy prating,
amongſt the reſt.
But one in Blue Jacket came, which ſome do *Andrew* call
Adſheart talk'd woundy wittily to them all.

At laſt, Cutzooks, he made ſuch ſport I laugh'd aloud,
The Rogue, being fluſter'd,
He flung me a Cuſtard,
amidſt the Croud.
The *Volk* vell a laughing at me; then the Vezen zaid,
Bezure Ralph, *give it to* Doll *the Dairy-maid.*

I *ſwallowed* the affront but ſtayd no longer there;
I thruſt and I ſcrambled,
Till further I rambled,
into the Fair. (were *all* at work,
Where *Trumpets* and *Bagpipes*, *Kettledrums*, *Fidlers*,
And the *Cooks* zung, *Here's your delicate Pig and Pork.*

I look'd around to ſee the Wonders of the Vair,
Where Lads and Laſſes
With Pudding-bag-arſes,
Zo nimble were;
Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about,
Old Nick zure was in their breeches without doubt.

Moſt woundly *pleas'd* I up and down the Vair did range
To zee the vine Varies,
Play all their Vagaries,
I vow 'twas ſtrange.
I ask'd them aloud, *What Country little Volk they were?*
A croſs brat anſwered me *Che were Cuckold-ſhire*

I thruſt and ſhov'd *along* as *well* as e'er I *could*,
at *laſt did I grovel*,
Into a dark Hovel,
Where Drink was *ſold*; (adſheart
They brought me Cans, which coſt a penny apiece,
I'm zure twelve *ne're could vill a* County-quart.

Che went to draw her Purſe, to pay them for their beer,
The *Devil* a Penny,
Was left of my Money,
Che'll vow and zwear. (doors:
They doft my Hat for a Groat, then turn'd me out of
Adſwounds, *Ralph*, did ever ſee zuch Rogues & Whores.

The

The Prodigals Reſolution, or, my Father was born before me.



I Am a luſty Lively Lad,
Now come to one and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver plenty:
Now he's in Grave I will be brave,
The Ladies ſhall adore me;
I'll court and kiſs, what hurt's in this?
My Dad did ſo before me.

My Father was a Thrifty Sir,
Till Soul and body ſundred,
Some ſay he was an Uſurer,
For thirty in the hundred:
He ſcrapt and ſcratcht, ſhe pincht and patcht,
That in her body bore me;
But I'll let fly, good cauſe why,
My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his duty done,
In getting ſo much Treaſure,
I'll be as dutiful a Son
For ſpending it in pleaſure;
Five pound a quart ſhall cheer my heart,
Such Nectar will reſtore me,
But I'll let fly, good cauſe why,
My Father was born before me.

My Gran'um lived at *Waſhington*,
My Granſir delv'd in Ditches,
The Son of old *John Thraſhington*,
Whoſe Lanthorn Leathern Breeches,
Cry'd, whether go ye? whether go ye?
Though Men do now adore me,
They ne'er did ſee my Pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

My Gran'ſir ſtriv'd and wiv'd and thriv'd,
Till he did Riches gather,
And when he had much wealth atchiev'd,
Oh, then he got my Father,
Of happy memory cry I,
That ere his Mother bore him,
I ne'er had been worth one penny,
Had I been born before him.

To Free-ſchool, *Cambridge*, and *Grays-Inn*,
My gray-coat Granſir put him,
Till to forget he did begin
The Leathern Breech that got him;
One dealt in Straw th'other in Law,
The one did ditch and delve it,
My Father ſtore of Sattin wore,
My Granſir beggars Velvet.

So I get wealth what care I if
My Granſir were a Sawyer,
My Father prov'd to be a chief,
And ſubtile Learned Lawyer:

By

By *Cooks Reports*, and tricks in Courts,
He did with Treaſure ſtore me,
That I may ſay, Heavens bleſs the day
My Father was born before me.

Some ſay of late a Merchant that
Had gotten ſtore of Riches,
In's Dining-room hung up his hat
His ſtaff and leathern Breeches;
His ſtockings gartred up with ſtraw,
E'er providence did ſtore him;
His ſon was Sheriff of London, cauſe
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Cloathing,
At firſt did ſpring from Butter-milk,
Their Anceſtors worth nothing;
Old *Adam* and our Grandam *Eve*
By digging and by ſpinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give,
Their Radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Eſtate,
Though ſelfiſh yet was flaviſh,
I'll ſpend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly laviſh;
From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves he did
Litigiouſly receive it;
If ſo he did, Juſtice forbid,
But I to ſuch ſhould leave it.

At Play-houſes and Tennis Court,
I'll prove a noble Fellow,
I'll Court my Doxies to the ſport
Of o'brave Bunchinello:
I'll Drink and Drab, I'll Dice and Stab,
No Hector ſhall out-roar me;
If teachers tell me tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our Aged Counſellors would have
Us live by Rule and Reaſon,
Cauſe they are marching to their Grave
And pleaſure's out of ſeaſon:
I'll learn to Dance the Mode of *France*,
That Ladies may adore me;
My thrifty Dad no Pleaſure had,
Though he was born before me.

I'll to the Court where *Venus* ſport,
Doth Revel it in Plenty,
I'll deal with all both great and ſmall,
From Twelve to Five and Twenty;
In Play-houſes I'll ſpend my days,
For they're hung round with Plackets,
Ladies make Room, behold I come,
Have at your Knocking Jackets.

A Forſaken Lovers Complaint.



AS I walkd forth one ſummers day,
To view the Meadows green and gay.
A pleaſant Bower I eſpied,
Standing faſt by a River ſide;
And in't a Maiden I heard cry,
Alas! Alas! there's none e're lov'd as I.

Then round the meadow did ſhe walk,
Catching each flower by the ſtalk;
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-mans Thumb* an Herb all blew,
And as ſhe pull'd them ſtill cry'd ſhe,
Alas! Alas! none ever lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the ſweeteſt ſcents
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as ſhe bound them up in Bands,
She wept, ſigh'd and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd ſhe,
Alas! none was ever loved like me.

When ſhe had fill'd her Apron full
Of ſuch green things as ſhe could cull,
The green leaves ſerv'd her for a Bed
The flowers were the Pillow for her head:
Then down ſhe laid ne'r more did ſpeak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

Lovers Drollery.



I Love thee for thy Fickleneſs,
And great Inconſtancy;
For had'ſt thou been a conſtant Laſs,
Then thou had'ſt ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Wantonneſs,
And for thy Drollery;
For if thou had'ſt not lov'd to ſport,
Then thou had'ſt ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Poverty,
And for thy want of Coin;
For if thou had'ſt been worth a Groat,
Then thou had'ſt ne'er been mine.

I love thee for thy Uglineſs,
And for thy foolery;
For if thou had'ſt been fair or wiſe,
Then thou had'ſt ne'er Lov'd me.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou ſhall have my money;
I'll part with all the wealth I have,
T' enjoy a Laſs ſo Bonney.

Love's Bacchanal.



LAy that ſullen Garland by thee,
Keep it for th' Elizium ſhades;
Take my wreath of luſty Ivy,
Not or that faint Mirtle made.

When I ſee thy ſoul deſcending,
To that cold unfertile Plain;
Of ſad Fools the Lake attending,
Thou ſhalt wear this Crown again.
Cho.

Now

Now drink wine, and know the odds,
'Twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*,
'Twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.

Rouſe thy dull and drowſie ſpirits,
Here's the ſoul reviving ſtreams,
The ſtupid Lovers brain in herits,
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Think not thou theſe diſmal trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, and ſings and dances,
Shall come ſooneſt to his end.
Cho.
Sadneſs may ſome pity move,
Mirth and Courage, mirth and courage
Mirth and courage, conquers Love.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thoſe vainly croſſed arms;
Thou mayſt as well call back the buried
As raiſe Love by ſuch like charms.

Sacrifice a glaſs of Claret
To each letter of her Name;
Gods have oft deſcended for it,
Mortals muſt do more the ſame.
Cho.
If ſhe comes not at the flood,
Sleep will come, ſleep will come,
Slee pwill come, and that's as good.

Reciprocal

Reciprocal Love.



I Love a Laſs but cannot ſhow it,
I keep a fire that burns with-in,
Rak'd up in embers: Ah! could ſhe know it,
I might perhaps be lov'd again:
For a true love may juſtly call,
For friendſhip love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,
A ſigh by whiſpering in her ear,
Or let ſome pitious ſhower convey me,
By dropping on her breaſt a tear,
Or two, or more; the hardeſt flint,
By often drops receive a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too, too weak;
No, no they ſay Lovers may ſend it,
By writing what they cannot ſpeak:
Go then my muſe and let this Verſe
Bring back my Life, or elſe my Hearſe.

Power

Power of Love.



SInce love hath in thine and mine Eye,
Kindled a holy flame,
What pity 'twere to let it die,
What ſin to quench the ſame?
The ſtars that ſeem extinct by day,
Diſcloſe their flames at night,
And in a fable ſenſe convey,
Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear,
Are ſhut or turn'd aſide,
Our Tongues, our Eyes may talk ſans fear
Of being heard or ſpy'd.
What though our bodies cannot meet
Loves fuel's more divine;
The fixt ſtars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

Falſe

False Meteors that do change their place,
Though they ſhine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and loſe their light.
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte
The flame of our deſire,
No Veſtal ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Or more immortal fire.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waſt away,
I'll take new fire from thine.

The Tinker.

HE that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* would be,
Let him leave other Loves,
And come liſten to me;
Though he travels all the day
He comes home late at night,
And Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey,
And Dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toaſt in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good Muſick he makes;
He wanders the world to Wakes, and to Fairs,
And caſts his Cap, and caſts his Cap,
At the Court and her Cares.
When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come,
O! how the wanton Wenches run:

Some bring him Baſons, ſome bring him Bowls,
All Wenches pray him to ſtop up their holes;
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer;
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*,
The merry, merry *Tinker*,
O! he is the Man of Metle.

A SONG.



IN the merry month of *May*,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd the wood ſo wide,
When as *May* was in her pride;
There I ſpy'd all alone, all alone,
Phillida and *Coridon*.

Much adoe there was God wot,
He did love, but ſhe could not;
He ſaid his love was to woo,
She ſaid none was falſe to you;
He ſaid he had lov'd her long,
She ſaid love ſhould take no wrong.

Coridon would have kiſt her then,
She ſaid maids muſt kiſs no men,
Till they kiſs for good and all;
Then ſhe bad the ſhepherd call
All the Gods to witneſs truth,
Ne'er was loved ſo fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as ſilly ſheperds uſe,
When they would not love abuſe;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kiſſes ſweet concluded.

And *Phillida* with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady *May*.

Caſſandra *in Mourning.*



AWake my Lute, ariſe my ſtring,
And to my ſad *Caſſandra* ſing;
Like the old Poets,
When the Moon had put her ſable Mourning on,
Aloud they ſounded with a merry ſtrain,
Until her brightneſs was reſtor'd again.

Too

Too well I know from whence proceeds
Thy wearing of these Mourning weeds:
In cruel flames for thee I burn,
And thou for me do'st therefore mourn.
So sits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,
Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

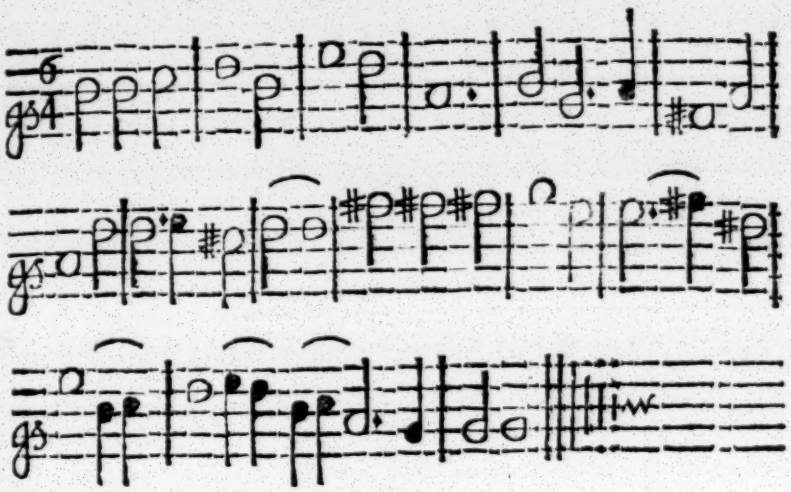
Wear other Virgins what they will!
Cassandra loves her Mourning still;
Thus the milky way so white
Is never seen but in the Night;
The Son himself, although so bright he seem,
Is blck as are the *Moors* that worship him.

But tell me thou deformed Cloud,
How dar'st thou such a Body shroud?
So *Satyres* with black hideous Face,
Of old did lovely Nymphs embrace:
That Mourning e'er should hide such glorious Maids,
Thus Deities of old did live in shades.

Her Words are Oracles, and come
(Like those) from out some dark'ned room:
And her Breath proves that Spices do
Only in Schorched Countries grow:
If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears;
Though all o'er black, at Lips She Jewels wears.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy,
As she in *Vulcan's* arms did lie;
Such is *Cassandra* and her Shroud:
She looks like Snow with in a Cloud:
Melt then and yield! throw off thy mourning Pall!
Thou never can'st look white, until thou fall.

Amyntor *Diſtracted Complains.*



I Had a *Cloris* my Delight,
Hey down, Hey down,
With Hair as brown as Berries;
Her Cheeks like Roſes red and white,
Her Lips more ſweet than Cherries.

Though lovely Black dwelt in her Eyes,
Hey down, hey down,
Like brigteſt Day that ſhin'd;
And Hills of Snow upon her Breaſt,
Made me and all men blind.

She was ſo ſweet, ſo kind, ſo free,
Hey down, hey down,
To kiſs, to ſport, and play;
But all this was with none but me,
So envy 'tſelf will ſay.

She fed her flock on yonder Plain,
Hey down, hey down,
'Tis wither'd now and dry;
How can *Amyntor* longer live,
When ſuch things for her die?

Her

Her wandring Kids look in my face,
Hey down, hey down,
And with Dumb Tears Expreſs
The want of *Cloris*, my True Love,
And their kind Shepherdeſs.

She lov'd me without fraud or guile,
Hey down, hey down,
But not for Flocks or treaſure;
And I was happy all the while,
But now woe worth all pleaſure.

When ſhe liv'd I went fine and gay,
Hey down, hey down,
With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd;
But now I am (as Sheperds ſay)
The Emblem of Neglect.

Where are thoſe pretty Garlands now,
Hey down, hey down,
Of Ivy and of Bays,
Which *Cloris* platted on my Brow
For Singin in her praiſe?

With naked Legs and Arms I go,
Hey down, hey down,
For why the Clothes I wore,
With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many mo,
Upon her Grave lie tore.

For woe is me I ſhould be warm,
Hey down, hey down,
Or any Comfort have,
As long as my dear *Cloris* lies
So cold within her Grave.

I'll gather ſticks and make a fire,
Hey down, hey down,
To warm her where ſhe lies,
Of Mirtles, Cypreſs, and Sweet-Bryer,
And then perhaps ſhe'll riſe.

To

To young Virgins A SONG.



VIrgins, if e'er at length it prove,
My Deſtiny to be, to be in Love,
Pray wiſh me ſuch a Fate:
May Wit and Prudence be my guide,
And may a little decent Pride,
My Actions regulate.

℣. Vigins if e'er I am in Love,
Pray wiſh me ſuch a Fate.

Such ſtatelineſs I mean as may
Keep Nauſeous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,
But ſtill oblige the wiſe:
That may ſecure my Modeſty,
And Guardian to my Honour be,
When Paſſion does ariſe.

℣. Virgins if e'er I am in Love, &c.

When firſt a Lover I Commence,
May it be with a Man, a Man of Senſe,
And Learned Education:
May all his Courtſhip eaſie be,
Neither too formal, nor too free,
But wiſely ſhew his Paſſion.

℣. Virgins, &c.

May his Eſtate agree with mine,
That nothing look like a Deſign,
To bring us into Sorrow:
Grant me all this that I have ſaid,
And willingly I'll live a Maid
No longer than to morrow.

℣. Virgins, &c.

A SONG.



THe Sun had loos'd his weary Team,
And turn'd his Steeds a grazing;
Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptunes* Stream,
His *Thetis* was embracing:
The Stars they tripp'd in the firmament,
Like Milkmaids on a *May-day*;
Or Country Laſſes a Mumming ſent,
Or School boys on a Play-day.

Apace came on the grey-ey'd Morn,
The Herds in Fields were lowing;
And 'mongſt the Poultry in the Barn,
The Ploughman's Cock ſate crowing:
When *Koger* dreaming of Golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a bawling Rout Sir;
For *Ciſly* told him, he needs muſt riſe,
His *Fuggy* was crying out, Sir.

Not half ſo quickly the Cups go round,
At the tapping a good Ale Firkin;
As *Roger* Hoſen and Shoon had found,
And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
Gray Mare was ſaddl'd with wondrous ſpeed,
With Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

Up, up dear Mother, then *Roger* crys,
The Fruit of my Labour's now come;
In *Fuggy*'s belly it ſprawling lies,
And cannot get out till you come.
I'll help it, crys the old Hag, neer doubt,
Thy *Fug* ſhall be well again, Boy;
I'll get the Urchin as ſafely out,
As ever it did get in, Boy.

The Mare now Buſtles with all her feet,
No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
At laſt into the good Houſe they get,
And Mew ſoon cry'd the Bantling:
A Female Chit ſo ſmall was born,
They put it into a Flagon;
And muſt be chriſten'd that very morn,
For fear it ſhould die a *Pagan*.

Now *Roger* ſtruts about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of *Conde*;
The Midwife crys, her Parts are ſmall,
But they will grow larger one day:
What tho' her thighs and Legs lie cloſe,
And little as any Spider;
They will when up to her teens ſhe grows,
By grace of the Lord lie wider.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
The Goſſips were void of ſhame too;
In butter'd Ale the Prieſt half drown'd,
Demands the Infant's Name too.

Some

Some call'd it *Phill*, ſome *Florida*,
But *Kate* was allow'd the beſt hint;
For ſhe would have it *Canicula*,
Cauſe there was a pretty Jeſt in't.

Thus *Cunny* of *Wincheſter* was known,
And famous in *Kent* and *Dover*;
And highly rated in *London* Town,
And courted the Kingdom over:
The Charms of *Cunny* by Sea and Land,
Subdues each human Creature;
And will our ſtubborn Hearts command,
Whilſt there is a Man in Nature.

A SONG.



FOur and Twenty *Fidlers* all in a row,
And there was Fidle, fidle, and twice Fidle, fidle;
'Cauſe 'twas my Lady's Birth-day,
Therefore we kept Holy-day,
And all went to be Merry.

Four and twenty *Drummers* all in a row,
And there was Tan tarra, rara, tan, tan tarra, rara,
rara, rara rar, there was Rub, &c.

Four and twenty *Tabers* and *Pipers* all in a row,
And there was whif and Dub, and tan tarra rara, &c.

Four and twenty Women all in a row,
And there was Title Tatle, and twice Pritle Pratle;
And whif and Dub, &c.

Four and twenty *Singing-men* all in a row,
And there was Fa la, la, la, la; Fa la, la, la, la, la;
And there was Title, &c.

Four and twenty *Fencing maſters* all in a row,
And this and that and down to the legs clap, Sir,
And cut'um off, and Fa, &c.

Four and twenty *Lawyers* all in a row,
And there was *Omne Quod exit in um damno ſed Plus Damno Decorum*, and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty *Vintners* all in a row,
And there was Rare *Claret* and *White*, I ne'er drunk worſe in my life, and Excellent good *Canary* drawn off the Lees of *Sherry*, if you do not like it,
Omne Quod, &c.

Four and twenty *Parliament Men* all in a row,
And there was Loyalty and Reaſon without a word of Treaſon, and there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty *Dutch-men* all in a row,
And there was *Alter Multer Van tor Dyken Skapen Kopen de Hague, Van Rottyck, Van-tonſtick de Brille, Van Boerſtyck Van Foerſtick and Soartrag Van Hogan Herien-Van-Donck*,
Rare *Claret* and *White*, &c.

A SONG.



A Beggar got a Beadle,
And a Beadle got a Yeoman;
A Yeoman got a Prentice,
And a Prentice got a Free-man:
The Free-man got a Maſter,
The Maſter got a Leaſe;
The Leaſe made him a Gentle-man,
And Juſtice of the Peace.

The Juſtice being Rich,
And Gallant in deſire;
He Merry'd with a Lady,
And ſo he got a Squire:
The Squire got a Knight,
Of courage Bold and Stout;
The Knight he got a Lord,
And ſo it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl,
His Country he forſook;
He Travell'd into *Spain*,
And there he got a Duke:

The Duke he got a Prince,
The Prince a King of hope;
The King he got an Emperor,
The Emperor got a Pope.

Thus as it was feigned,
The Pedigree did run;
The Pope he got a *Fryer*,
The *Fryer* he got a *Nun*:
The *Nun* by chance did ſtumble,
And on her back ſhe ſunk,
The *Fryer* he fell a top of her,
And ſo they got a *Monk*.

The *Monk* he had a Son,
With whom he did inhabit;
Who when the father died,
The Son became Lord *Abbot*:
Lord *Abbot* had a Maid,
And he catch't her in the dark;
And ſomething he did to her,
And ſo begot a Clark.

The Clark he got a Sexton,
The Sexton a Digger;
The Digger got a *Prebend*,
The *Prebend* got a *Vicar*;
The *Vicar* got an Attorney,
The which he took in ſnuff;
The Attorney got a *Barriſter*,
The *Barriſter* got a ruff.

The ruff did get good Counſell,
Good Counſell got a Fee;
The Fee did get a Motion,
That it might pleaded be,
The Motion got a Judgment,
And ſo it came to paſs;
A Beggars Bratt, a Scolding Knave,
A crafty Lawyer was.

A New BALLAD *upon a Wedding.*



THe Sleeping *Thames* one morn I croſs'd,
By two contending *Charons* toſt;
I landed and I found,
By one of *Nepune's* jugling Tricks,
Enchanted *Thames* was turn'd to *Styx*,
Lambeth th' Elyſian Ground.

The Dirty Linkboy of The Day,
To make himſelf more freſh and gay,
Had ſpent five Hours, and more;
Scarce had he comb'd and curl'd his Hare,
When out there comes a brighter Fair,
Eclips'd him o'er and o'er.
The dazl'd Boy would have retir'd,
But durſt not becauſe he was hir'd

To light the purblind Skies :
But all on earth will ſwear and ſay,
They ſaw no other Sun that Day,
Nor heav'n but in her Eyes.

Her ſtarry Eyes both warm and ſhine,
And her dark Brows do them enſhrine,
Like Love's Triumphal Arch :
Their Firmament is Red and White,
Whilſt the other Heav'n is but bedight,
With *Indigo* and *Starch*.

Her face a Civil War had bred,
Betwixt the White Roſe and the Red:
Then Troops of Bluſhes came,
And charg'd the White with Might and main,
But ſtoutly were repuls'd again,
Retreating back with ſhame.

Long was the War, and ſharp the Fight;
It laſted dubious until Night,
Which wou'd to the other yield.
At laſt the Armies both ſtood ſtill,
And left the Bridegroom at his Will,
The Pillage of the Field.

But, oh, ſuch Spoils! which to compare,
A Throne is but a rotten Chair,
And Scepters are but ſticks :
The Crown it ſelf 'twere but a Bonnet,
If her Poſſeſſion lay upon it,
What Prince wou'd not here fix ?

Heav'ns Maſter-peice, Divineſt frame,
That e'er was ſpoke of yet by Fame,
Rich Nature's utmoſt Stage ;
The Harveſt of all former years,
The paſt's diſgrace, the future's fears,
And glory of this Age.

Thus

Thus to the Parſon's Shop they trade,
And a ſlight bargain their is made,
To make Him her Supreme:
The Angels pearch'd about her Light,
And Saints themſelves had Appetite,
But I will not blaſpheme.

The Parſon did his Conſcience ask,
If He were fit for ſuch a Task,
And cou'd perform his Duty?
Then ſtraight the Man put on the Ring,
The Emblem of another thing,
When ſtrength is joyn'd to Beauty.

A modeſt Cloud her face invades,
And wraps it up in Sarſnet ſhades,
While thus they mingle hands;
And then ſhe was oblig'd to ſay,
Thoſe Bugbear Words Love and Obey,
But meant her own commands.

The envious Maids lookt round about,
To ſee what one wou'd take them out,
To terminate their pains;
For tho' they Covet, and are Croſs,
Yet ſtill they value more one Loſs,
Then many thouſand Gains.

Knights of the Garter two were call'd,
Knights of the Shooe-ſtring two inſtall'd,
And all were bound by Oath,
No further than the Knee to paſs;
But oh! the Squire of the Body was
A better Place then both.

A tedious Feaſt protracts the time,
For eating now was but a crime,

And all that interpos'd;
For like two Duellists they stood,
Panting for one anothers Blood,
And longing till they clos'd.

Then came the Jovial Musick in,
And many a merry *Violin*,
That Life and Soul of Leggs:
Th' Impatient Bridegroom wou'd not stay;
Good Sir, cryd they what Man can Play,
Till he's wound up his Peggs?

But then he dances till he reels,
For Love and Joy had wing'd his heels,
And puts the Hours to flight:
He leapt and Skipt, and seem'd to say,
Come boys I'll drive away the Day,
And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride with murd'ring Arts,
Walks round and brandishes her Darts,
To give the deeper Wound:
Her beauteous Fabrick with such grace,
Ensnares a Heart at every pace,
And kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no ground,
And slily draws her Nets around,
Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses:
Then makes a Curtsie with a Glance,
And strikes each Lover in a Trance,
That arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,
Daring of Larks over a Green,
His fierce occasion tarry;
Dances about them as they fly,
And gives them sport before they die,
Then stoops and kills the Quarry.

Her

Her Sweat like Honey-drops did fall,
And Strings of Beauty pierc'd us all,
Her Shape was ſo exact:
Of Wax ſhe ſeemed fram'd alive:
But had her Gown to been a Hive,
How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus Envious Time prolong'd the Day,
And ſtretcht the prologue to the Play,
Long ſtopt the ſluggiſt Watch:
At laſt a Voice came from above,
Which call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,
To Conſummate the Match.

But (as if Heav'n wou'd it retard)
A Banquet comes like the Night-Guard,
Which ſtay'd them half the Night:
The Bridegroom then with's Men retir'd:
The Train was laying to be fir'd,
He went his Match to light.

When he return'd, his Hopes was crown'd,
An Angel in the Bed he found,
So glorious was her Face:
Amaz'd he ſtopt——but then, quoth He,
Tho' tis an Angel, 'tis a She,
And leap'd into his place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
Bleſs'd with a thouſand pleaſing Charms,
In Raptures of Delight;
Reaping at once, and ſowing Joys,
For Beauty's Manna never cloys,
Nor fills the Appetite.

But what was done, ſure was no more,
Thon that which had been done before,
When She her ſelf was made;
Something was loſt, which none found out,
And He that had it cou'd not ſhew't,
Sure 'tis a Jugling trode.

A SONG.



Phillis at firſt ſeem'd much afraid,
much afraid, much afraid,
Yet when I kiſs'd, ſhe ſoon repay'd:
Could you but ſee, could you but ſee,
What I did more, you'd envy me,
What I did more, you'd envy me,
You'd envy me.

We then ſo ſweetly were employ'd,
The height of Pleaſure we enjoy'd;
Could you but ſee, could you but ſee,
You'd ſay ſo too if you ſaw me,
You'd ſay ſo too if you ſaw me,
If you ſaw me.

She was ſo Charming, Kind, and Free,
None ever could more Happy be;

Could

Could you but ſee, could you but ſee,
Where I was then you'd wiſh to be,
Where I was then you'd wiſh to be,
You'd wiſh to be, &c.

All the Delights we did expreſs,
Yet croving more ſtill to poſſeſs:
Could you but ſee, could you but ſee,
You'd Curſe, and ſay, Why was't not me?
You'd Curſe, and ſay Why was't not me?
Why was'd not me? &c.

Ladies, if how to Love you'd know,
She can inform what we did do;
But cou'd you ſee, but cou'd you ſee,
You'd cry aloud, The next is me,
You'd cry aloud, The next is me,
The next is me, &c.

A SONG.





TO Horſe, brave Boys of *Newmarket*, To Horſe,
You'll loſe the Match by longer delaying;
The Gelding juſt now was led over the Courſe,
I think Devil's in you for ſtaying:
Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,
Bets may recover all loſt at the Groom-Porters.
Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,
Take the odds, and then you'll be rich;

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride,
And hold a thouſand Pounds of his ſide, Sir:
Dragon would ſcowre it, but *Dragon* grows old;
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
As lately he could:
Age, Age, does hidder the Speed, Sir.

Now, now, now they come ou, and ſee,
See the Horſe lead the way ſtill;
Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,
Five hundred Pounds upon the brown Bay ſtill:
Pox on the Devil, I fear we have loſt,
For the Dog, the, *Blew Bonnet*, has run it,
A Plague light upon it,
The wrong ſide the Poſt;
Odſzounds, was ever ſuch Fortune?

A SONG.

He.



She.



CHORUS.



John. COme *Fug*, my Honey, let's to bed,
It is no Sin, since we are wed;
For when I am near thee by desire,
I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Fug.

Fug. To quench thy Flames I'll ſoon agree,
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;
All Night within my Arms ſhalt be,
And riſe each Morn as freſh as he.

CHO. *Come on then, and couple together,*
Come all, the Old and the Young,
The Short and the Tall;
The richer than Croeſus,
And [illegible]ter than Job,
For [illegible] Wadding and Bedding,
That Peoples the Globe.

John. My Heart and all's at thy Command;
And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,
Yet ſix fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,
I think, my *Fug*, is Wealth enow.

Fug. A Wheel, ſix Platters, and a Spoon,
A Jacket edg'n with blue Galloon;
My Coat, my Smok is thine, and ſhall
And ſomething under beſt of all.

Chor. *Come on then*, &c.

A SONG.



FRom Twelve years old, I oft have been told,
A Pudding it was a delicate bit,
I can remember my Mother has ſaid,
what a delight ſhe had to be fed,
with a Pudding.

Thirteen being paſt, I long'd for to taſt,
What Nature or Art could make it ſo ſweet,
For many gay Laſſes about my age,
Perpetually ſpeak on't, that puts me in a rage,
For a Pudding.

Now at Fifteen I often have ſeen,
Moſt Maids to admire it ſo,
That their humour and Pride is to ſay,
O what a delight they have for to play,
with a Pudding.

When I am among ſome wives that are young,
Who think they ſhall never give it due praiſe,
It is ſweet, It is good, It is pleaſant ſtill,
They cry, they think they ſhall ne'er have their fill,
Of a Pudding.

The greater ſort of the Town and the Court,
When met, their tongues being tip't with Wine,
How merry and Jocund their Tattles do run,
To tell how they ended and they begun,
with a Pudding.

Some antient Wives, who moſt of their lives,
Have daily taſted of the like food,
Now for want of ſupplies do ſwear and grumble,
That ſtill they're able enough to mumble,
A Pudding.

Now, now I find, cat will to kind,
Since all my heart and blood is on fire,
I am reſolv'd what ever comes on't,
My Fancy no longer ſhall ſuffer the want
Of a Pudding.

For

For I'll to *John* who ſays he has one,
That's cram'd as cloſe as a Cracker or Squib,
Who ever is telling me when we do meet,
Of the wiſhing deſires and ſweetneſs they get,
In a Pudding.

I thought at firſt, It never would burſt,
It was as hard as griſſel or bone,
But by the rouling and troling about,
How kindly and ſweetly the Marrow flew out,
Of his Pudding.

Well, ſince I ne'er was fed with ſuch geer,
Until my *John* did prove ſo kind,
I made a requeſt to prepare again,
That I might continue in Love with the ſtrain,
Of his Pudding.

Then ſtraight he brought, what I little thought,
Could ever have been in its former plight,
He rumbl'd and jumbled me o'er and o'er,
Till I found he had almoſt waſted the ſtore,
Of his Pudding.

Then the other Meſs I beg'd him to dreſs,
Which by my aſſiſtance was brought to paſs,
But by his dulneſs and moving ſo ſlow,
I quickly perceiv'd the ſtuffing grew low,
In his Pudding.

Though he grew cold, my ſtomach did hold,
With vigor to reliſh the other bit,
But all he could do could not furniſh agen,
For he ſwore he had left little more then the skin,
Of his Pudding.

A New SONG, *upon the* Robin-red-breasts's *attending* Queen Mary's *Hearse in* Westminster Abby.



ALL You that lov'd our Queen alive,
Now dead, lament her fate;
And take a walk to *Westminster*,
To see her lie in State.

Amongst all other Glorious sights,
A wonder you may see,
A Bird, or something like a Bird,
Attend her Majesty.

Sometimes it hops, sometimes it flyes,
Then perches o'er the Hearse;
Then strains its throat, and Sings a Note,
That's neither Prose nor Verse.

The Tune is solemn as if Sett,
To fit some doleful Ditty;
In lamentation for the Queen,
To move all Hearts to pity.

A perfect Bird it seems to be,
In Feathers, Bill, and Wings;
Nor is there Feather'd Creatures else,
That hops, and flies, and Sings.

But what Bird 'twas not known, until,
One wiſer than the reſt;
Affirm'd that he a *Robin* was,
And prov'd it by his Breaſt.

I call it, He, not She becauſe,
It Sings and cocks its Tail;
Which that no Female *Robin* doth,
I'll hold a pot of Ale.

This Bird abides about the Hearſe,
Moſt part of every day;
Nor can you fail to hear him Sing,
Unleſs the Organs play.

For Organ Pipes b'ing wider much,
Than *Robin-red-breaſt's* throats;
Their noiſe muſt needs be loud enough,
To drown one *Robin's* Notes.

Some ſay this Bird and Angel is,
If ſo we hope 'tis good;
But why an Angel? why forſooth,
They ſay he takes no food.

But that the *Robin* lives by meat,
Is true without diſpute;
For though none ever ſaw him Eat,
Enough have ſeen him Mute.

And that ſometimes undecently,
Upon the ſtatue-Royal;
Which made ſome call him *Jacobite*,
Or otherwiſe illoyal.

The *Papiſts* ſay this Bird's a Fiend,
Which haunts Queen *Mary's* Ghoſt;
And by its reſtleſs motion ſhews,
How her poor ſoul is toſt.

But why then is this pretty Bird,
So lively brisk and merry?
This rather proves the Queen at eaſe,
And ſafe from *Purgatory*.

An old Star-gazing * Taylor ſays,
This frolick Bird proclaims;
How glad all ſuch as he would be,
To welcome home *King James*.

* *Gadbury a Jacobite Almanack maker.*

And *Partridge*, who can make both Shooes,
And Almanacks to boot;
Says by this Bird aſſuredly,
Some plot is ſtill on foot.

Partridge a Shoemaker now makes Almanacks.

For having like an Augur, watch'd,
Which way he took his flight;
The *Robin* flew on his left hand,
And not upon the right.

A Bird once in *Rome's* Capitol,
Said all * things ſhall be well;
And why this harmleſs *Robin* ſhould,
Bode ill I cannot tell.

* Ἔσεσθαι πάντα καλῶς. *Suetonius in the Life of Domitian.*

All we can gueſs, is from this Bird's
Appearing ſtill alone;
Which repreſents our Kings *Sole* caſe,
Now his fair Queen is gone.

The *Robin* may have loſt his Mate,
So hath *King William* his;
And that he may well match again,
Our hearty Prayer is.

A SONG.



IF Muſick be the food of Love,
Sing on, ſing on, ſing, on, ſing on,
Till I am fill'd, an fill'd with Joy;
For then my liſtning Soul you move,
For then my liſtning Soul you move,
With pleaſures that can never cloy;
Your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue declare.
That you are Muſick ev'ry where.

Pleaſures invade both Eye, and Ear,
So fierce the tranſports are, they wound;
And all my Senſes feaſted are,
Tho' yet the Treat is only Sound.
Sure I muſt periſh by your Charms.
Unleſs you ſave me in your Arms.

A SONG.



D*Amon* why will you die for Love,
Yet ne'er your flames diſcover?
Be wiſe and ſoon that pain remove,
Or tell the Nymph (or tell the Nymph) you Love her:
As in each of her fierce diſdain,
So in Love's cruel Anguiſh:
He who wants Senſe to beg for eaſe,
Deſerves, (deſerves in pain, in pain,
Deſerves) in pain to Languiſh.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,
Like her their minds thy vary;
Perhaps this day tho' *Celia*'s Cold,
With you the next She'll Marry:
Be ſure be true if She is kind,
If cruel then forget her;
With little pains you ſoon will find,
A Nymph who'll uſe you better.

A SONG.



YOu underſtand no tender Vows,
Of fervent and eternal Love ;
That Lover will his labour loſe,
Who does with ſighs and tears propoſe,
Your Heart to move :
But if he talk of ſetling Land,
A Houſe in Town and Coach maintain'd,
You underſtand, you undeaſtand.

You underſtand no Charm in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air ;
To any Fop you will ſubmit,
The Nauſeous Clown, or fulſome Citt,
If rich they are,
Who Guineas can may you command,
Put Gold, and then put in your——
You underſtand, you underſtand.

A SONG.



HOw Vile are the Sordid Intrigues of the Town
Cheating and Lying continually sway;
From Bully and Punck to the Politick Gown,
In Plotting and Sotting they waste the day:
All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,
The *French* and the Wars is always the cry
Marriage alas is declining,
Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
Ah curse of this jarring what luck have I.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
Into my Conjugal Fetters to bring;
I planted my ſnare too for one lov'd Arms,
But found his deſign was another thing:
From the Court Province down to the dull Citts,
Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are ſhy;
Marriage alas is declining,
Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
Ah pox of the *Monſieur* what luck have I?

A SONG.



Since roving of late,
Is as fatal as War
And no Female ſinners,
Will deel on the

W.N.H. HARDING BIRD BOOK

Since

Since to keep's out of faſhion,
And drains the poor Cully;
While his Miſs at his coſt,
Keeps ſome raſcally Bully.

Since Miſtreſſes ſell,
And Wives buy the pleaſure;
And to wed or be conſtant's,
The ſame in ſome meaſure;
As ſoon as I can
I will leave Fornication,
And get a good Wife,
If there's one in the Nation.

One modeſtly free,
Not too proud of her means;
And tho' ſhe writes Woman,
Not out of her *Teens*,
Not indebted to Art,
For her Wit nor her Beauty,
Yet whoſe Charms daily prompt me,
To Family duty.

Who Viſits the Church,
Tho' cuſtom can't move her,
To play there at Bo-peep,
Croſs Pew with a Lover:
Yet let her, with care,
Shun a contrary evil,
Leſt Angel at Church,
Prove at home a meer Devil.

Not one who, to nooſe
Some young *Bubble* beſtows
Her whole ſlender Fortune,
In Trifles and Cloths;

Nor an over-fond Dotard,
  Who Palls ev'ry pleaſure,
While for Bottle or Friend,
  She would leave me no leaſure.

Nor one kind and gay,
  Like ſome, before Wedlock,
Then a Slut and a Shrew
  When ſhe holds me in Fetlock:
Nor will I in haſte,
  My dear liberty barter,
Left, thinking to catch,
  I am caught by a *Tartar*.

My Miſtreſs muſt Senſe,
  And all Vertues admit,
And joyn to good humour,
  Wealth, Beauty and Wit:
With a fervent affection,
  She always muſt love me,
And no Beauty but hers,
  E'er be able to move me.

Oh! ſuch may ſhe be,
  Who ſhall tempt me to Marry;
If there is no ſuch ſhe,
  Till there is, I muſt tarry:
And when ſhe is found,
I'll no more be a Rover,
But wed her with ſpeed,
  And, what's ſtranger I'll Love her.

The ſurpriz'd Nymph, A SONG.



THe four and twentieth day of May,
Of all days in the year;
A Virgin Lady freſh and gay,
Did privately appear:
Hard by a River ſide got ſhe,
And did Sing loud the rather;
Cauſe ſhe was ſure, ſhe was ſecure,
And had an intent to bath her.

With glittering glancing jealous Eyes,
She ſlily looks about;
To ſee if any lurking ſpies,
Were hid to find her out:
And being well reſolv'd that none,
Cou'd ſee her Nakedneſs;
She pull'd her Robes off one by one,
And did her ſelf undreſs.

Her purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,
Her Ivory Hands unpin'd ;
It wou'd have made a Coward bold,
Or tempted a Saint to 'a ſinn'd :
She turn'd about and look't around,
Quoth ſhe I hope I'm ſafe ;
Then her Roſey petty coat,
She preſently put off.

The ſnow white Smock which ſhe had on,
Tranſparenly to Deck her ;
Look'd like Cambrick or Lawn,
Upon an Alablaſter Picture :
Thro' which array, I did faintly ſpy,
Her Belly and her back ;
Her Limbs were ſtraight and all was white.
But that which ſhou'd be black.

Into a fluent ſtream ſhe leapt,
She lookt like Venus glaſs ;
The Fiſhes from all quarters crept,
To ſee what Angel 'twas :
She did ſo like a Viſion look,
Or fancy in a Dream ;
'Twas thought the Sun the Skies forſook,
And dropt in to the ſtream.

Each Fiſh did wiſh him ſelf a man,
About her all was drawn ;
And at the ſight of her began,
To ſpread abroad their ſpawn :
She turn'd to ſwim upon her Back,
And ſo diſplay'd her Banner ;
If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,
He wou'd have dropt upon her.

A Lad that long her Love had been,
And cou'd obtain no Grace ;
For all her prying lay unſeen,
Hid in a ſecret place :

Who

Who had often been repuls'd,
When he did come to Woe her ;
Pull'd off his Cloaths and furiouſly,
Did run and leap in to her.

She ſqueak'd, ſhe cry'd, ſhe down ſhe Div'd,
He brought her up again ;
He brought her o'er upon the ſhore,
And then —— and then —— and then ——
As *Adam* did Old *Eve* enjoy,
You may gueſs what I mean ;
Becauſe ſhe all uncover'd lay,
He cover'd her again.

With water'd Eyes, ſhe pants and crys,
I'm utterly undone ;
If you will not be wed to me,
E'er the next morning Sun :
He anſwer'd her, he ne'er wou'd ſtir,
Out of her ſight till then ;
We'll both clap hands in wedlock bands,
Marry and to't again.

A SONG New ſett by Mr. Church.



LEave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy vow,
And fall again to *drinking*,
That *Beauties* that wont *ſack* allow,
Is hardly worth thy thinking,
Dry love or *ſmall* can never hold,
And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* ſoon grows cold.

Doeſt think by turning *Anchorite*;
Or a dull *ſmall-Beer* ſinner,
Thy cold embraces can invite,
Or ſprightleſs *Courtſhip* win her?
No 'tis *Canary* that inſpires,
'Tis *Sack* like *Oyl*, gives *Flames* to am'rous Fires.

This makes thee *chant* thy Miſtreſs name,
And to the heavens raiſe her;
And range this univerſal frame,
For *Epithets* to praiſe her.
Low liquors render brains unwitty,
And ne'er provoke to *love*, but move to pity.

Then be thy ſelf, and take thy *Glaſs*:
Leave of this dry *Devotion*,
Thou muſt like *Neptune* court thy laſs,
Wallowing in *Nectar*'s Ocean,
Let's offer a each Ladies ſhrine,
A full crown'd bowl, here's a health to thine.

A SONG New ſett by Mr. Church.





HO boy, hay boy,
Come come away boy,
And bring me my longing deſire,
A Laſs that is neat and can well do the feat,
When luſty young blood is on fire.

Let her body be tall,
And her waſt be ſmall,
And her age not above eighteen,
Let her care for no bed, but here let her ſpread,
Her mantle upon the green.

Let her face be fair,
And her breaſts be bare,
And a voice let her have that can warble,
Let her belly be ſoft, but to mount me aloft,
Let her bounding Buttocks be marble.

Let her have a cherry lip,
Where I *Nectar* may ſip;
Let her Eyes be as black as a ſlow,
Dangling locks I do love, ſo that thoſe hang above,
Are the ſame with what grows below.

Oh ſuch a bonny laſs,
May bring wonders to paſs,
And make me grow younger and younger;
And when e'er we do part, ſhe'll be mad at the heart,
That I am able to tarry no longer.

The Devil's Progreſs on Earth, or Huggle-Duggle, &c.



Frier Bacon walks again,
And Doctor *Forſter* too;
Proſerpine and *Pluto*,
And many a Goblin more:
With that a merry Devil,
To make the Airidg, vow'd;
Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil Laugh'd aloud.

Why think you that he Laugh'd,
Forſooth he came from Court;
And there amongſt the Gallants,
Had ſpy'd ſuch pretty Sport:
There was ſuch cunning Jugling,
And Ladys gon ſo proud;
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With

With that into the City,
Away the Devil went;
To view the Marchants Dealings,
It was his full intent,
And there along the brave Exchange,
He crept in to the croud,
Huggle Duggle, &c.

He went into the City,
To see all there was well;
Their Scales were False, their weights were light,
their Conscience fit for Hell:
And *Panders* chosen Magistrates
And *Puritans* allowd.
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the Country,
Away the Devil goeth;
For there is all plain Dealing,
For that the Devil knoweth:
But the Rich man Reaps the Gains,
For which the poor man plough'd.
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that the Devil in haste,
Took post away to Hell;
And call'd is fellow Furies,
And told them all on earth was well:
That falshood their did flourish,
Plain dealing was in a Cloud.
Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
The Devils laugh'd aloud.

A SONG. New Sett by Mr. Church.



LIke a Ring without a finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer,
Like a Horſe was never ridden;
Or a feaſt and no Gueſt bidden;
Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it;
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'er loves but dies a Maid.

The Ring, if worn, the finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeaks,
The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe if Gueſt be bidden;
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck't is ſtill more worth;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e'er ſhe dies.

Like

Like to the Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Fraight,
Like a lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day,
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear beſt fruit,
There's Muſick in the finger'd Lute.
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready:
The Fraight doth make the Barque go ſteady:
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's uſeful in the Night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er ſhe dies.

Like a Call without *Anon Sir*,
Or a Queſtion and no anſwer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Myne was never digg'd:
Like a Wound without a tent,
Or Silver box without a Scent:
Juſt Such as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives ne'er love, but dies a maid.

Th' *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,
The Civil anſwer pleaſeth all:
Who riggs a Ship Sayls with the wind,
Who digs a Mine doth Treaſure find:
The wound by wholſom Tent hath eaſe,
The Box perfum'd the Senſes pleaſe;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er ſhe dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendations, and no token:
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it:

Like

Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is ſweet,
The token doth adorn the Greet,
There's Triumph in the Fort being won,
The man rides glorious in the Moon,
The School is by the Teacher ſtill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd,
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, Marries, e'er ſhe dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd,
Like the Gold was never try'd,
Or the ground unoccupied;
Like a Houſe that's not poſſeſſed,
Or a Book was never preſſed;
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies amaid.

The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
Due ſeaſon ſweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd from droſs is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd;
The Houſe is by poſſeſſion graced,
The Book well preſs'd is moſt embraced:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e'er ſhe dies.

A SONG.



AS I ſate at my Spinning-Wheel,
A bonny Lad there paſſed by,
I ken'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,
Geud Faith he had a bonny Eye:
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Moſt gracefully he did appear,
As he my preſence did draw near,
And round about my ſlender Waſte,
He claſp'd his Arms and me embrac'd:
To kiſs my hand he down did kneel,
As I ſate at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd my Fingers long and ſmall,
And ſaid, there was no Lady fair,
That ever could with me compare:
Thoſe pleaſing words my Heart did feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho-

Altho' I ſeemingly did chide,
Yet he would never be deny'd,
But did declare his Love the more,
Until my heart was wounded ſore;
That I my love could ſcarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my ſpinning Wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,
And after that my ſpinning Wheel,
He bid me leave them all with ſpeed,
And gang with him to yonder Mead:
My panting heart ſtrange flames did feel,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning Wheel.

He ſtop'd and gaz'd and blithly ſaid,
Now ſpeed thee weel my bonny Maid,
But if thou'ſt to the Hay-Cock go,
I'll learn thee better Work I trow,
Geud Faith I lik'd him paſſing weel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonet oft,
And ſweetly kiſt my Li ps ſo ſoft,
Yet ſtill between each honey Kiſs,
He urg'd me on to farther bliſs;
'Till I reſiſtleſs fire did feel,
Then let alone my Spinning-wheel.

Among the pleaſant Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
What Damſel ever could deny,
A Youth with ſuch a Charming Eye?
The pleaſure I cannot reveal,
It far ſurpaſt the ſpinning-wheel.

The Anſwer; to the ſame Tune.

UPon a ſunſhine Summers day,
When every Tree was green and gay,
The Morning bluſht with *Phœbus* ray,
Juſt then aſcending from the Sea,
As *Silvia* did a hunting ride,
A lovely Cottage he eſpy'd;
Where lovely *Cloe* ſpinning ſat,
And ſtill ſhe turn'd her Wheel about.

Her Face a Thouſand Graces crown,
Her curling Hair was lovely brown,
Her rowling Eyes all hearts did win,
And white as down of Swans her Skin:
So taking her plain dreſs appears,
Her Age not paſſing ſixteen years,
The Swain lay ſighing at her foot,
Yet ſtill ſhe turn'd her wheel about.

Thou ſweeteſt of thy tender kind,
Cries he, this ne'er can ſuit thy mind,
Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
Was ne'er deſign'd for Woods and Groves;
Come, come with me to Court my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honour there;
And leave this Rural ſordid rout,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

At this with ſome few modeſt ſighs,
She turns to him her Charming eyes,
Ah! tempt me Sir no more ſhe cries,
Nor ſeek my weakneſs to ſurprize;
I know your Arts to be believ'd,
I know how Virgins are deceiv'd;
Then let me thus my Life wear out,
And turn my harmleſs Wheel about.

By that dear painting Breaſt cries he,
And yet unſeen divinity;
Nay by my Soul that reſts in thee,
I ſwear this cannot, muſt not be;
Ah! cauſe not my eternal woe,
Nor kill the Man that loves thee ſo;
But go with me and eaſe my doubt,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

His Cunning Tongue ſo play'd its part,
He gain'd admiſſion to her heart;
And now ſhe thinks it is no Sin,
To take Loves fatal poiſon in;
But, ah! too late ſhe found her fault,
For he her Charms had ſoon forgot;
And left her e'er the year ran out,
In tears to turn her Wheel about.

A SONG. New Set by Mr. Church.



A *Beggar*, a *Beggar*, a *Beggar* I'll be,
There's none leads a life more jocund than he,
A *Beggar* I was, and a *Beggar* I am,
A *Beggar* I'll be, from a *Beggar* I came,
If as it begins our tradings do fall,
We in the Concluſion ſhall *Beggars* be all.
Tradeſmen are unfortunate in their affairs,
And few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Siſter, a Filcher my Brother,
A Canter my Unkle, that car'd not for Pelf,
A Lifter my Aunt and a *Beggar* my ſelf;
In white wheaten ſtraw when their Belly's were full,
Then I was got between a Tinker and a Trull.
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
For there's none leads a life more jocund than he.

When boys do come to us, and that their intent is,
To follow our Calling, we ne'er Bind them Prentice;
Soon as they come too't, we teach them to doo't,
And give them a ſtaff and a wallet to boot,
We teach them their *Lingua* to Crave and to Cant,
The Devil is in them if then they can want.
And he, or ſhee, that a Beggar will be,
Without Indentures they ſhall be made free.

We beg for our bread, yet ſometimes it happens,
We feaſt it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
For Churches Affairs, we are no men ſlayers,
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers,
But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purſes,
We charge and give fire, with a volley of Curſes,
The Devil confound your good Worſhip we cry,
And ſuch a bold brazen fac'd beggar am I,

We

We do things in ſeaſon, and have ſo much reaſon,
We raiſe no Rebellion, nor never talk Treaſon,
We bill all our Mates, at very low Rates,
Whilſt ſome keep their Quarters as high as the gates,
With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blue-cap or Teague,
We into no Covenant enter, nor League.
And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,
For none lives a life more merry then he.

For ſuch petty pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,
But ſometimes the whip doth make us to skip,
And then we from Tything to Tything do trip,
For when in a poor Bouzing-kan we do bib it,
We ſtand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet,
And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,
For when it is night in the barn tumbles he.

We throw down no Altar, nor ever do falter,
So much as to change a gold chain for a Halter,
Though ſome men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
We commonly bear forty pieces about us;
But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,
That owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mercer.
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,
I fear not the Compter, Kings Bench, nor the Fleet.

Sometimes I do frame my ſelf to be lame,
And when a Coach comes I hop to my game,
We ſeldom miſcarry, or ever do marry,
By the Gown Common Prayer or Cloak Directory;
But *Simon* and *Suſan* like birds of a Feather,
They kiſs and they laugh, and ſo lie down togther.
Like Pigs in the Peaſe-ſtraw intangled they lie,
Till there they beget ſuch a bold Rogue as I.

A SONG.



I Went to the Alehouſe as an honeſt woman ſhou'd,
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every degree,
I'll tell you by and by, how this Knave ſerv'd me.

I call'd for my pot as an honeſt woman ſhou'd,
And the Knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I went into my bed as an honeſt woman ſhou'd,
And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I proved with Child as an honeſt woman ſhou'd,
And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be knaves in every degree,
And thus have I told you how this Knave ſerv'd me.

A SONG on a Wedding New Sett by Mr. Clark.



NOw that Love's Holiday is come,
And *Madg* the Maid hath ſwept the room,
And trim'd her Spit and Pot;
Awake my merry Muſe and Sing,
The Revels and that other thing,
That muſt not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd 'tis ſaid,
Clorinda broke out of her bed,
Like *Cynthia* in her pride;
Where all the Maiden Lights that were,
Compriz'd within our *Hemiſphere*,
Attended at her ſide.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dreſs'd the Bride from top to toe!
And brought her from her Chamber;
Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More ſumptuous than the live-long day,
Or Stars enſhrin'd in Amber.

The

The ſparkling bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipſed Suns did riſe,
Beneath her Cryſtal brow,
To ſhew like thoſe ſtrange accidents,
Some ſudden changeable events,
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed,
Preſag'd the bluſtring night,
With his encircling arms and ſhade,
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade,
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips thoſe threads of Scarlet die,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lie,
Legions of ſweets did crown,
Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay,
O! crop me! crop me! whilſt you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her breaſts, thoſe melting *Alps* of ſnow;
On whoſe fair hills in open ſhow,
The *God of Love* lay napping:
Like ſwelling Butts of lively wine,
Upon their Ivory Tilts did ſhine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waſte that tender type of man,
Was but a ſmall and ſingle ſpan,
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear,
He that whole thouſands has in fee,
Would forfeit all ſo he might be,
Lord of the Mannour there.

But now before I paſs the line,
Pray, *Reader*, give me leave to dine,
And pauſe here in the middle;
The *Bridegroom* and the *Parſon* knock,
With all the *Hymeneal* flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

Whenas the Prieſt *Clarinda* ſees,
He ſtar'd as't had been half his fees
To gaze upon her face:
And if the ſpirit did not move,
His countenance was far above
Each ſinner in the place.

With mickle ſtir he joyn'd their hands,
And hamper'd them in Marriage bands,
As faſt as faſt may be:
Where ſtill methinks, methinks, I hear
That ſecret ſigh in evry ear,
Once, love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
And up the diſhes in a train
Came ſmoaking two and two;
With that they wip'd their Mouths and ſate,
Some fell to quaffing, ſome to prate,
Ay marry, and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impail'd the meat,
Roger and *Margeret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Ralph and *Beſs*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*;
And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* ſo ſweet,
Whoſe cheeks on each ſide of her Snuffers did meet
As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the laſt they had fetched their freez,
And mired their ſtomachs quite up to the knees,
In Claret and good chear;
Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
O! what kiſſing and clipping was there.

But as luck would have it the *Parſon* ſaid grace,
And to friſking and dancing they ſhuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Laſs by the fiſt,
And when he had ſqueez'd her, and gam'd her until
The fat of her face run down like a mill,
He toll'd for the reſt of the griſt.

In ſweat and in duſt having waſted the Day,
They enter'd upon the laſt act of the play,
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground,
And in ſeeking the Garter much pleaſure was found;
'Twould have made a man's arm have ſtray'd.

This clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,
Half Bedded, like the peeping day,
Behind *Olympus* cap;
Whilſt at her head each twittring Girl,
The fatal ſtocking quick did whirl
to know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All *diſapointed* in the buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his breeches,
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In ſuch a ſtorm I can you tell,
He ſav'd his other ſtitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even juſt as if a man had ſaid,
Fair Lady have at all;
Where twiſted at the Hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly Boy,
O! who wou'd fear the fall?

Thus both with Loves ſweet Tapers fired,
And thouſand balmy kiſſes tired,
They could not wait the reſt;
But out the folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, but what they did,
There lies the Cream o'th' jeſt.

The Wife hater to the foregoing Tune

HE that intends to take a wife,
I'll tell him, what a kind of Life
He muſt be ſure to lead;
If ſhe's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves art,
Much teaching ſhe will need.

For where there is no path one may,
Be tir'd before he find the way;
Nay when he's at his treaſure;
The gap perhaps will prove ſo ſtraight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a toil of's pleaſure.

Or if one o'd and paſt her doing,
How ill the Chambermaid be wooing.
To buy her ware the cheaper!
But if he chuſe one moſt for moſe,
Ripe for't ſhe'll prove libidinous,
Argus himſelf ſhan't keep her

For

For when theſe things are neatly dreſt,
They'll entertain each wanton gueſt,
Nor for your honour care;
If any give their pride a fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withall,
So you their charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your game,
With a dull, fat, groſs, and heavy Dame,
Your riches to encreaſe,
Alas ſhe will but jeer your for't,
Bid you to find out better ſport,
Lie with a pot of greaſe.

If meager —— be thy delight,
She'll conquer in venereal fight,
And waſt thee to the bones;
Such kind of girls like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or elſe they'll grind the ſtones.

If black, 'tis odds ſhe's dev'liſh proud;
If ſhort *Zantippe* like to loud,
If long ſhe'll lazy be,
Fooliſh (the proverb ſays) if fair;
If wiſe and comely danger's there,
Leſt ſhe do Cuckold thee.

If ſhe bring ſtore of Money, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs. no good Wife:
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the houſe with ſcolding thunder,
What worſe than ſuch a life.

But if their Dowry only be
Beauty, farewel felicity,
Thy fortune's caſt a way;
Thou muſt be ſure to ſatisfie her
In Belly, and in Back deſire,
To labour night and day.

And rather then her pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore,
And thou'lt *Acteon'd* be;
Whilſt like *Acteon* thou mayeſt weep,
To think thou forced art to keep
All ſuch as devour thee.

If being Noble thou doſt wed,
A ſervile Creature baſely bred,
Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll ſwear to exalt a Court-like horn,
Thy low deſcent it graces.

If one Tongue be too much for any
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for Learning honour,
To Scold by Book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her parents living are,
To pleaſe them you muſt take great care,
Or ſpoil your future fortune;
But if departed they're this life,
You muſt be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certain.

If bravely dreſt, fair Fac'd and Witty,
She'll of be gadding to the City,
Nor can you ſay her nay;
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have terms ſhe knows not why,
But ſtill they keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold there's leſs fear,
But ſtupid honeſty
May teech her how to ſleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their blood agree,
Too near, where's conſanguinity,
Then let no kin be choſen;
He loſeth one part of his treaſure,
Who thus confineth all his pleaſure,
To th'arms of a firſt Cozen,

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a Wife at ſecond hand,
Then chuſe no widow'd mother;
The firſt cut of that bit you love
If others had, why maint you prove,
But taſter to another.

Beſides if ſhe bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee ſhe'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them ſhe ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely ſhe'll have none,
Whilſt thou for weak back go.

For there where other Gardner's have been ſowing,
Their ſeed but never could find it growing,
You muſt expect ſo too;
And where the *Terra incognita*,
So's plow'd you muſt it fallow lay,
And ſtill for weak Back go.

Then truſt not a Maiden face,
Nor confidence in Widows place,
Thoſe weaker veſſels may;
Spring leak or ſplit againſt a rock,
And when your fame's wrapt in a ſmock,
'Tis eaſily caſt away.

Yet be ſhe fair, foul, ſhort, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your ſoul your life;
And one by one them undermine,
A Courtezan, or Concubine,
But never as a married Wife.

He who conſiders this may end the ſtrife,
Conſ ſs no trouble like unto a Wife.

A SONG. New Sett by Mr. J. Clark.





IN faith 'tis true I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me ſo:
My reſolutions they remove,
And former niceneſs overthrown.

Thoſe glowing char-coals ſet on fire,
A heart, that former flames did ſhun,
Who as *Heretick* unto deſire,
Now's judg'd to ſuffer *Martyrdom*.

But Beauty, ſince it is thy fate,
At diſtance thus to wound ſo ſure;
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And ſee if diſtance prove a cure.

Then farewell Miſtreſs, farewell Love,
Thoſe lately entertain'd deſires,
Wiſe men can from that plague remove;
Farewell black Eyes, and farewel fires.

If ever I my heart acquit,
Of thoſe dull flames, I'll bid a pox
On all black Eyes, and ſwear their fit,
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

A SONG.



Tom and *Will* were Shepherds Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together,
When fair *Paſtora* grac'd their Plains,
Alas! why came ſhe thither;
For though they fed two ſeveral Flocks,
They had but one deſire,
Paſtora's Eyes and Amber Locks,
Set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of honeſt gentle Race,
By Father, and by Mother,
And *Will* was noble, but alas!
He was a younger Brother.

Tom

Tom was toyſome, *Will* was ſad,
He Huntſman, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.

Tom would drink her Health, and ſwear,
The Nation could not want her,
Will could take her by the ear,
And with his voice inchant her.
Tom kept always in her ſight,
And ne'er forgot his Duty,
Will was witty and could write,
Smooth Sonets on her Beauty.

Thus did ſhe exerciſe her skill,
When both did dote upon her,
She graciouſly did uſe them ſtill,
And ſtill preſerv'd her honour.
So cunning and ſo fair a ſhe,
And of ſo ſweet behaviour;
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he,
Was chiefly in her favour.

Which of thoſe two ſhe loved moſt,
Or whether ſhe loved either,
'Tis thought they'll find it to their coſt,
That ſhe indeed lov'd neither.
For to the Court *Paſtora*'s gone,
'T had been no Court without her,
The Queen amongſt all her train had none,
Was half ſo fair about her.

Tom hung his Dog, and threw away,
His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet,
Will burſt his Pipes, and curſt the day
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

A SONG.



BRight was the Morning cool was the Air,
Serene was all the sky,
When on the Waves I left my dear,
The Center of my joy;
Heaven and Nature ſmiling were,
And nothing ſad but I.

Each Roſie Field did Odours ſpread,
All Fragrant was the ſhore;
Each River God roſe from his Bed,
And ſigh'd and own'd her power:
Curling their Waves they deck'd their heads,
As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen,
Her Heroe went to ſee,
Cidnus ſwell'd o'er his Banks in pride,
As much in Love as he:

Cidnus ſwell'd, &c. Glide

Glide on ye waters bear theſe Lines,
And tell her how diſtreſs'd,
Bear all my ſighs ye gentle winds,
And waft 'em to her Breaſt,
Tell her if e'er ſhe prove unkind,
I never ſhall have reſt.

A SONG.



Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,
And lov'd me better than any eane ;
But now he ligs by another Laſs,
And *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen :
I gave him fine ſcotch Sarke and Band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand ;
I gave him Houſe, and I gave him Land,
Yet *Sawney* will ne'er be my Love agen

I robb'd the Groves of all their ſtore,
And Noſegays made to give *Sawney* one;
He kiſt my Breaſt and feign would do mere,
Gude feth me thought he was abonny one:
He ſqueez'd my fingers, graſp'd my knee,
And Carv'd my name on each green Tree,
And ſigh'd and languiſht to ligg by me;
Yet now he wo'not be my Love agen.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt Face,
He prais'd, and alſo my Ruſſet Gown,
But now he doats on the Copper Lace,
Of ſome lewd Quean of *London* Town:
He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
Whilſt I poor ſoul ſit ſighing at heam,
And near joy *Sawney* unleſs in a dream;
For now he near will be my Love again.

A SONG.



Quoth

Quoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?
I Prethee now wilt, and Iſe Marry with thee:
My Cow, my Cow, my Houſe and Rents,
Aw my Lands and Tenements:
Say my Joan, *ſay my* Joaney, *will that not do?*
I cannot, cannot, come every day to woe.

I have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
And three fat Hogs pent up in the ſty;
I have a Mare and ſhe's coal black:
I ride on her Tail to ſave her back:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

I have a Cheeſe upon the ſhelf,
I cannot eat it all my ſelf;
I have three gude Marks that lie in a rag,
In the nook the Chimney inſtead of a bag:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

To marry I would have thy conſent,
But faith I never could Complement;
I can ſay nought but hoy gee hoa,
Terms that belong to Cart and Plough:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

St. George *for* England.





WHy ſhould we boaſt of *Arthur* and his Knights?
We know how many men have perform'd fights;
Or why ſhould we ſpeak of Sir *Lancelot du lake*,
Or Sir *Triſtram du Leon* that fought for the Ladys ſake?
Read old ſtories and there you'll ſee,
How St *George*, St *George*, did make the Dragon flee,
St *Goreg*, he was for *England*, St. *Dennis* was for *France*,
Sing *Honi Soit qui mal y penſe.*

To ſpeak of the *Monarchs*, it were too long to tell;
And likewiſe of the *Romans* how far they did excell,
Hannibal and *Scipio* they many a field did fight,
Orlando Furioſo he was a valiant Knight,
Romulus and *Remus* were thoſe that *Rome* did build;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.
St. *George* he was, &c.

Jephtha and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,
The *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites* they put them all to flight,
Hercules's Labour was in the Vale of Braſs,
And *Sampſon* ſlew a thouſand with the Jaw-bone of an Aſs,
And when he was blind pull'd the temple to the ground:
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon did confound.
St. *George* he was, &c.

Valentine and *Orſon* they came of *Pipin's* blood,
Alfred and *Aldrecus* they were brave Knights and good;
The four ſons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,
Sir *Hugh de Bourdeaux* and *Godfrey de Bolaigne*,
Theſe were all *French* Knights the *Pagans* did convert,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragons heart.
St. *George* he was, &c. *Hen-*

Henry the fifth he Conquer'd all *France*,
He quarter'd their Arms his honour to advance,
He razed their Walls and pull'd their Cities down,
And garniſh'd his head with a double triple Crown;
He thumped the *French* and after home he came!
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath ſlain.
St. *George* he was, &c.

St. *David* you know, loves *Leeks* and toſted *Cheeſe*,
And *Jaſon* was the man brought home the *Golden-Fleece*;
St. *Patrick* you know he was St. *George*'s Boy,
Seven years he kept his Horſe and then ſtole him away;
For which Knaviſh act a ſlave he doth remain:
But St. *George* St. *George*, he hath the Dragon ſlain,
St. *George* he was, &c.

Tamberlane the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown,
With his bloody Flag diſplay'd before the Town;
Scanderbeg Magnanimous *Mahomet*'s *Baſhaws* dread,
Whoſe Victorious Bones were worn when he was dead;
His *Beglerbeys*, he ſcorns like dregs, *George Caſtriot* was [he call'd,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd.
St. *George* he was, &c.

Ottoman the *Tartar* he came of *Perſia*'s race,
The great *Mogul*, with his Chefts ſo full of Cloves and [Mace,
The *Grecian* Youth *Bucephalus* he manly did beſtride,
But thoſe with all their worthies Nine, St. *George* did [them deride;
Guſtavus Adolphus was *Sweedlands* Warlike King,
But St. *George*, St. *George* pull'd forth the Dragons ſting.
St. *George* he was, &c.

Pen-

Pendragon and *Cadwalladar* of *Britiſh* blood do boaſt,
Tho' *John* of *Gant* his foes did daunt, St *George* ſhall rule [the roſt;
Agamemnon and *Cleomedon* and *Macedon* did feats,
But compared to our Champion they were but merely [cheats;
Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkiſh* fights, their brandiſht [Swords outdrew;
But St. *George* met the Dragon and ran him through and [through.

St. *George* he was, *&c.*

Bidea the Amazon, *Proteus* overthrew,
As fierce, as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen*, or *Jew*;
The potent *Holophernes* as he lay on his Bed,
In came wiſe *Judith* and ſubtilly ſtole away his head;
Brave *Cyclops* ſtout, with *Jove* he fought, although he [ſhowr'd down thunder,
But St. *George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a won- [der!

St. *George* he was, *&c.*

Mark Anthony I'll warrant you, play'd feats with *Egypt's* [Queen,
Sir *Eglamore* that valiant Knight, the like was never ſeen,
Grim *Gorgon's* might, was known in fight, old *Bevis* moſt [men frighted.
The *Myrmidons, and Preſter Johns*, why were not theſe [men Knighted?
Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Naſſau* did it recover,
But St. *George*, St. *George* he turn'd the Dragon over and [over:
St *George* he was for *England*, St. *Dennis* was for *France*,
Sing *Hony Soit qui mal y penſe.*

Old

Old England *turn'd New, to the Tune of the* Black-ſmith, Page 28.

YOu talk of *New England*, I truely believe,
Old England is grown New, and doth us deceive;
I'll ask you a queſtion or two by your leave;
And is not old England grown New?

Where are your old Soldiers with Slaſhes and Scars,
They never us'd Drinking in no time of Wars,
Nor Shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jarrs?
And is not old England, &c.

New Captains are made that never did fight,
But with pots in the day, and punks in the Night,
And all their chief Care is to keep their ſwords bright;
And is not old, &c.

Where are your old Swords, your Bills, and your Bows,
Your Bucklers, and Targets that never fear'd blows?
They are turn'd to Stilletto's with other fair Shows:
And is not, &c.

Where are your old Courtiers that uſed to ride,
With Forty Blew-coats and Foot-men beſide?
They are turn'd to Six Horſes, a Coach with a guide:
And is not, &c.

And what is become of our old *Engliſh* Cloaths,
Your long ſleev'd Doublet and your trunk Hoſe?
They are turn'd to French faſhions, and other gewgaws:
And is not, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor ſome half a year together,
To fit a New Sute to a New Hat and Feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloath, Stuff or Leather:
And is not, &c.

We

We have New faſhion'd Beards, and New faſhion'd Locks,
And new faſhion'd Hats, for your New pated Blocks,
And more New Diſeaſes, beſides the *French* POX;
And is not, &c.

New Houſes are built, and old ones pulled down,
Until the New Houſes, ſell all the old ground,
And the Houſes ſtand like a Horſe in the Pound;
And is not, &c.

New faſhions in Houſe, New faſhions at Table,
Old ſervants diſcharg'd, and New not ſo able,
And all good Old cuſtom is now but a Fable;
And is not, &c.

New Trickings, New Goings, New Meaſures, New Paces;
New Heads for Men, for your Women New Faces,
And twenty New tricks to mend their bad Caſes;
And is not, &c.

New tricks in the Law, New tricks in the Rolls,
New Bodies they have, they look for New Souls,
When the Money is paid for building Old *Pauls*,
And is not, &c.

Then talk no more of *New England*,
New England is where *old England* did ſtand,
New furniſh'd, New Faſhion'd, New Woman'd, New; [Man'd;
And is not, &c.

To the Tune of the Black-ſmith, Page 28.

I'LL tell you a ſtory if it be true,
But look you to that, I am ſure it is New,
And only in *Salisbury* known to a few.
Which no body can deny.

Some

Some Sages have written as we do find,
That Spirits departed are monſtrous kind.
To Friends and Relations left behind,
Which, &c.

That this is no tale I ſhall you tell,
A Lady there dyed, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as ſome expound well,
Which, &c.

Now as the Devil a hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a thicket he heard a ſound of much Woe.
Which, &c.

It was a Lady that wept, and her weeping,
Made *Satan* go from lift'ning to peeping,
Quoth he what ſlave hath this Lady in keeping;
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth ſhe if of Woman you came.
Pity my caſe, and I'll tell you the ſame,
Quoth the *Devil* be quick in your ſtory *fair dame*.
Which, &c.

Quoth ſhe I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind,
If I could but appear, I ſhou'd change his mind,
Which, &c.

Fair Dame quoth the *Devil* are theſe all your wants?
So ſhe told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints,
Which, &c.

Then ſhe told him how many Sweet hearts ſhe had,
How many was good, and how many were bad,
The Devil began to think her ſtark mad,
Which, &c.

And

And ſo ſhe went on with the cauſe of the ſquabble,
Beelzebub ſcratch't and was in great trouble,
For he thought it would prove a two hours *Babble.*
Which, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wiſt,
She caught him faſt by the lilly black fiſt,
Nay then quoth the Devil e'en do what you liſt.
Which, &c.

Now when ſhe was free, to Earth ſhe flew,
And came with a vengeance, to give her her due,
Then ſnap went the Lock and the Candles burnt blue
Which, &c.

Quoth ſhe will you give my Children their land?
Her Husband did ſweat, you muſt underſtand,
For he did not think her ſo near at hand,
Which, &c.

But having recover'd Heart of grace,
Quoth he you Jade come again in this place,
And *Fauſtus*, his Chamber-pot flies in thy Face.
Which, &c.

When ſhe could not prevail by means ſo foul,
She ſought other ways his Mind to controul,
So ſhe went to a Maid, a very good ſoul.
Which, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and ſo ſhe went on,
Moſt Gracious Madam, what would you have done;
I'll do it although you' d have me a Nun.
Which, &c.

Then go to my Husband and bid him do right,
Unto my two Children, or elſe by this light,
I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.
Which, &c.

Tell

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reaſons,
I'll ſit on his Bed and read him ſuch Leſſons,
As never were heard at Mr. *Mompeſſons*.
Which, &c.

So away went the Virgin and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirits Husband every Word,
At which he replyed, I care not a T——
Which, &c.

For when ſhe was incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er ſhe could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea.
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth ſhe conſider my plight,
I am not able to keep out right,
Three waking Miniſters every night,
Which, &c.

When the Gentleman hear'd her Ditty ſo ſad,
Compaſſion Straight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.
Which, &c.

When the land as I ſaid was convey'd to the Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoyce,
And away went the ſpirit with a tuneable *Voice*.
Which, &c.

A SONG.



HOW Happy's the mortal,
That lives by his Mill,
That depends on his own,
Not on fortune's Wheel;
By the ſlight of his Hand,
And the ſtrength of his Back,
How merrily, how merrily,
His mill goes *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
How, &c.
If his Wife proves a Scold,
As too often 'tis ſeen,
For ſhe may be a Scold,
Sing God bleſs the Queen;
With his Hand to the Mill,
And his Shoulder to the Sack,
He drowns all the diſcord,
In his Muſical *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
He, &c.
O'er your Wives and your Daughters.
He often prevails,
By ſticking a Cog of a Foot,
In their tails;
Whilſt the Hoyden ſo willingly,
He laies upon her back,
And all the while he ſticks it in,
The ſtones cry *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
And &c.

The

The Angler's SONG *to the Tune,* My Father was born before me, Page 57.

OF all the recreations which
Attend on Human Nature,
There's none that is of ſo high a Pitch,
Or is of ſuch a ſtature,
As is the ſubtle Angler's life,
In all mens Approbation;
For Anglers tricks do daily mix
In every Corporation.

Whilſt *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in love,
And had no cauſe of Jangling;
The Devil did the Waters move,
The Serpent went to Angling:
He bates his Hook with Godlike look.
Thought He this will entangle her;
By this all ye may plainly ſee,
That the Devil was firſt an Angler.

Phyſitians, Lawyers, and divines,
Are all moſt neat entanglers;
And he that looks find will in fine
That moſt of them are Anglers:
Whilſt grave Divines do fiſh for Souls,
Phyſitians like Curmudgeons;
They bait with Health, and fiſh for Wealth,
And Lawyers fiſh for Gudgeons.

Upon th'Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a neet entangler;
'Mongſt Merchant Men, there's not one in ten,
But what is a cunning Angler:
For like the Fiſhes in the brook,
Brother doth ſwallow Brother;
There's a Golden bait hangs at the Hook,
And they fiſh for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next prefer,
He's a formal Man in Black Sir;
He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
And crys what is't you lack Sir:
Fine Silks, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
But if a Courtier prove th'entangler;
My Citizen he muſt look to't then,
Or the Fiſh will catch the Angler.

But there's no ſuch Angling as a Wench,
Stark naked in the Water;
She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,
And throw your ſelf in after:
Your Hook and Line ſhe will confine,
Thus tangled is th'entangler;
And this I fear hath ſpoil'd the Gear,
Of many a Jovial Angler.

But if you'll Trowl for a Scriv'ners ſoul,
Caſt in a Rich young Gallant;
To take a Courtier by the Pole,
Throw in a Golden Tallent:
But yet I fear the draught will ne'er
Compound for half the charge an't;
But if you'll catch the Devil at ſtratch,
You muſt Bait him with a Serjeant.

Thus have I made my Anglers Trade,
To ſtand above defiance;
For like the Mathematick Art,
It Runs through every Science:
If with my Angling Song I can
To Mirth and Pleaſure ſeize you;
I'll bait my Hook with Wit again
And Angle ſtill to pleaſe you.

The

The Cavaliers SONG.



HE that is a Cleer
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although
His Subſtance grow
So very low,
That he cannot drink Wine.

Fortune is a laſs
Will embrace
And ſoon deſtroy;
Free born,
In libertie
We'll ever be,
Singing *vive le roy.*

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,
And Fortune is a whore,
There's none but fools and knaves regard her
Or her power implore.

He that is a trufty Roger
And hath ſerv'd his King,
Although he be a tatter'd Souldier,
Yet he will skip and Sing,
Whilſt he that fights for love,
May in the way of Honour prove,
And they that make ſport of us,
May come ſhort of us:
Fate will flatter them,
And will ſcatter them,
Whilſt the Royalty,
Looks upon Loyalty,
We that live peaceably,
May be ſucceſsfully,
Crown'd with a Crown at laſt.

But a real honeſt man
May be utterly undone,
To ſhow his allegiance,
His love and obedience,
But that will raiſe him up.
Virtue weighs him up,
Honour ſtays him up,
And we'll praiſe him,
Whilſt the fine Courtier dine,
With his full bowls of wine,
Honour will make him faſt.

Freely

Freely let's be then
Honeſt men,
And kick at fate,
We
May live to ſee
Our Loyalty
Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a word or a ſword,
'Gainſt the Throne;
Or doth prophanely prate
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.
Chorus.
What though Plummers, Painters, and players,
Be the proſperous men,
Yet we'll attend our own affairs,
When we come to't agen,
Treachery may be fac'd with light,
And leachery lin'd with furr:
A Cuckold may be made a Knight,
'Tis fortune *de la guerre*;
But what is that to us boys!
That now are honeſt men?
We'll conquer and come agen,
Beat up the drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers
Dub a dub dub; Have at old *Belzebub*;
Oliver ſtinks for fear.
Fift-Monarchy muſt down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town,
We'll rally and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen,
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,
This is the life of an honeſt poor Cavalier.

A Parly, between two Weſt-Countrymen *on ſight of a* Wedding.



I Tell the *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
O things beyound compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at wake or Fair.

At *Charing-Croſs*, hard by the way
Where we (thou knowſt) do ſell our hay,
There is a Houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee coming down,
Such Voulk as are not in our town,
Vorty at leaſt in pairs.

Amongſt the reſt one peſtilent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him,
Shou'd he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At courſe-a-Park without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out

By

By all the Maids i'th' Town;
Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what; the youth was going
To make an end of his own wooing,
The Parson for him stay'd:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
Perchance as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a Maid no Whitson-Ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look't like the great Collar (just),
about our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear the light:
But *Dick* she dances such a way,
No Sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do it in sight;
And then she look't as who would say,
I will do what I list to day;
And you shall do't at Night.

Her cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes compariſon
(Who ſee's them is undone:)
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there;
Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
The ſide that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her Chin:
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly:)
But (*Dick*) her Eyes ſo guard her Face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get;
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin
The Parſon himſelf had guilty been;
(She lookt that day ſo purely)
And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Paſſion, oh me! how I run on!
There's *that* that would be thought upon
(I trow) beſide the bride:
The buſineſs of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey,
Each Serving man with diſh in hand

March boldly up like our Train-band,
Preſented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was
Before the Parſon could ſay grace,
The company was ſeated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouſe;
Health firſt go round, and then the Houſe;
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth;
(And who could help it, *Dick*?)

O'th ſudden up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again, and ſigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiſs:
Thus ſev'ral ways the time did paſs,
Whil'ſt every woman wiſht her place,
And every man wiſht his.

By this time all was ſtoln aſide,
To counſel and undreſs the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But 'twas thought he gueſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay
Like new-fallen ſnow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay
God B'w'y'! with all my heart.

But juſt as Heavens would have to croſs it
In came the Bride-maids with the Poſſet,
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;
For had he left the women to't;
It woud have coſt two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now
All that they had not done they do;
What that is, you can tell;
But I believe it was no more,
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

Of the Downfall of one part of the Mitre-*Tavern in* Cambridge, *or the Sinking thereof into the Cellar. By Mr.* Tho. Randolph. *To the Tune of* My Father was born before, Page 57.

LAment, Lament you Scholars all,
Each wear his blackeſt gown,
The *Mitre* that held up your wits,
Is now it ſelf faln down:
The diſmal Fire on *London*-Biridge
Could move no heart of mine,
For that but o're the water ſtood,
But this ſtood o'er the *Wine*.

It needs muſt melt each Chriſtian heart,
That this ſad News but hears;
To ſee how the poor Hogſheads wept,
Good Sack and Claret Tears.
The Zealous ſtudents of that place,
Change of Religion fear,
Leſt this miſchance bring in
The hereſie of Beer.

Un-

Unhappy *Mitre* I would know,
The cauſe of thy ſad hap;
Came it by making Legs too low,
To *Pembrook's* Cardinal's Cap?
Hence know thy ſelf and cringe no more,
Since Popery went down,
The Cap ſhould veil to thee for now
The *Mitre*'s next the Crown.

Or was't becauſe our company,
Did not frequent thy Cell;
As we were want to drown thoſe cares
Thou fox't thy ſelf and fell?
No ſure the Devil was a Dry
And caus'd that fatal blow,
'Twas he that made the Cellar ſink,
That he might drink below.

And ſome do ſay the Devil did it,
Cauſe he would drink up all;
But I rather think the Pope was drunk,
And let the *Mitre* fall.
But *Roſe* now whither, *Falcon* mew,
Whilſt *Sam* enjoys his wiſhes;
The *Dolphin* too muſt caſt her Crown
Wine was not made for Fiſhes.

That ſign a Tavern beſt becomes,
That ſhews who loves Wine beſt;
The *Mitre*'s then the only ſign,
For 'tis the Scholars creſt.
Then drink Sack *Sam* and cheer thy heart,
Be not diſmay'd at all;
For we will drink it up again,
Though our ſelves do catch a fall.

We'll be thy workmen day and night,
In ſpight of Bugbear Proctors;
We drank like freſhmen all before,
But now we'l drink like Doctors.

Her

SONG, To the Tune of the Black-ſmith. Page 28.

I'LL ſing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'll tell you before hand you'll find *nothing* in't.
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court yet *nothing* I ſlight,
Nor care I a pin if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, and Men,
Did ſtart out of *nothing* a Chaos, a Den;
And all things ſhall turn into nothing again.
'Tis *nothing* ſome times that makes many things hit,
As when fools amongſt wiſe men do ſilently ſit
A fool that ſays *nothing* may paſs for a Wit.

What one man loves is another mans loathing,
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing,
And both do in the concluſion love nothing.
Your lad that makes love to a delicate ſmooth thing,
And thinking with ſighs to gain her and ſoothing,
Frequently makes ſuch ado about *nothing*.

At laſt when his Patience and Purſe is decay'd,
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd.
But ſhe that hath *nothing* muſt needs be a maid.
Your flaſhing, and claſhing, and flaſhing of wit,
Doth ſtart out of *nothing* but fancy and fit,
'Tis little or *nothing* to what has been writ.

When firſt by the Ears we together did fall,
Then ſomething got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
From nothing it came and to *nothing* it ſhall.
That party that ſeal'd to a Cov'nant in haſt,
Who made our three Kingdoms, & Churches lie waſte,
Their project and all came to *nothing* at laſt.

They

They raiſed an Army of Horſe and of foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and root,
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't,
The Organ, the Alter and Miniſters cloathing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot ſuch a loathing,
That he muſt needs raiſe a petty new *nothing*.

And when he had rob'd us in ſanctifi'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the people by fathing and troathing,
At laſt he was catcht and all came to *nothing*.
In ſeveral Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Diſpute and contend, and to fighting we fall,
I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

When war, and rebellion, and plundering grows,
The mendicant man is the freeſt from foes;
For he is moſt happy hath *nothing* to loſe.
Brave *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Gooſe follows Gander,
Nothing can ſay to an action of ſlander.

The wiſeſt great Prince, were he never ſo ſtout,
Though he conquer'd the world & gave mankind the rout
Did bring *nothing* in, nor ſhall bear *nothing* out,
Old *Noll* that aroſe to High-thing from low-thing,
By Brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
In ſeven years ſpace was both all things and *nothing*.

Dick (*Olivers* heir) that pitiful ſlow thing,
Who once was inveſted with Purple Cloathing,
Stands for a Cypher and that ſtands for *nothing*;
If King-killers bold are excluded from bliſs,
Old *Bradſhaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing* than now what he is.

Blind Colonel *Hewſon* that lately did crawl,
To lofty degree from a low Coblers ſtall,
Did bring all to *nothing* when Awl came to Awl.

You

Your Gallant that rants it in delicate Cloathing,
Though lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
When Death doth arreſt him and bear him away,
At the General Barr will have nothing to ſay,
Whores that in ſilk were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chas'd
Thus Courting and ſporting comes to *nothing* at laſt.

If any man tax me with weakneſs of Wit,
And ſay that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,
I ſhall anſwer. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*
Yet let his diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very word *nothing* ſhall give it a fall,
For writing of nothing I comprehend all.

Let every man give the Poet his due,
Cauſe then 'twas with him as now it's with you,
He ſtudy'd it when he had nothing to do.
This very word nothing if took the right way,
May prove advantageous for what would you ſay,
If the Vintner ſhould cry there's *nothing* to pay.

The Scolding Wife, New Sett by Mr. Ackeroy'd.





SOme men they do delight in Hounds,
And ſome in Hawks take pleaſure;
Others joy in war and wounds,
And there by gain great Treaſure;
Some they do love on ſea to ſail,
Others rejoyce in Riding;
But all their judgments do them fail,
There's no ſuch joy as *Chiding*.

When ſoon as Day I open mine eyes,
To entertain the Morning;
Before my Husband he can riſe,
I *Chide* and proudly ſcorn him:
When at the board I take my place,
What ever be the Feaſting;
I firſt do *Chide* and then ſay Grace,
If ſo diſpos'd to taſting.

Too Fat, too Lean, too Hot too Cold,
I ever am complaining;
Too raw, too Roſt, too Young, too Old,
I always am diſdainning:
Let it be Fowl, or Fleſh, or Fiſh,
Tho' I am my own Taſter;
Yet I'll find fault with Meat or Diſh,
With Maid or with the Maſter.

But when to Bed I go at Night,
I ſurely fall a weeping;
For then I leave my great delight,
How can I *Chide* when Sleeping:
Yet this my Grief doth mitigate,
And muſt aſwage my ſorrow;
Although to Night it be to late,
I'll Early *Chide* to morrow

The

The Cautious Drinker, New Sett by Mr. Ackeroy'd.



MY Maſters and Friends, who ever intends,
To trouble this Room with Diſcourſe;
You that ſit by are as guilty as I,
Be your talk the better or worſe:
Now leaſt you ſhould prate of matters of ſtate,
Or any thing elſe that might hurt us;
We rather will drink off our cups to the brink,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Suppoſe you ſpeak clean from the matter you mean,
That's not a pin here or there;
Yet take this advice, be both merry and wiſe,
Ye know not what Creatures be near:
Or ſuppoſe that ſome ſot, ſhould lurk in this pot,
To ſcatter out words that might hurt us;
To free that ſame doubt, we'll ſee all the pot out,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

If

If any man here be in bodily fear,
Of a Wolf, a Wife or a Tweak;
Here's Armour of proof ſhall keep her a-loof,
Here's Liquor will make a man ſpeak:
Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* juice,
And then he ſhall ſpeak to the Purpoſe.

He that rails at the times, in proſe or in rimes,
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon;
Sings Prophecies ſtrange, and threatens ſome change,
And hangs them upon the Queens Tomb:
He is but a Rayler or Prophecying Taylor,
To ſcatter out words that might hurt us,
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and Sing Catches,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

It is a mad zeal for a man to reveal,
His ſecret thoughts when he bowſes;
He is but a Widgeon that talk of Religion,
In Taverns or in tipling houſes:
It is not for us ſuch things to diſcourſe,
Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us;
But let's begin a new health to our King,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

A-midſt of our Bliſs 'twill not be a miſs,
To talk of our going home late;
If Conſtable Kite or a Piſ-pot at night,
Should chance to be ſpilt on our pate:
It were all in vain to rage or complain,
Or ſcatter out words that might hurt us,
'Twere better to trudge home to honeſt kind *Joan*,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Old Simon *the King.*



IN a humour I was late,
As many good fellows be;
To think of no matters of State,
But ſeek for good company
That beſt contented me,
I travail'd up and down,
No company I could find,
Till I came to the Sight of the Crown;
My Hoſteſs was ſick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at eaſe,
The Tapſter was drunk in his Dumps,
They were all of one diſeaſe,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

Conſidering in my mind,
And thus I began to think,
If a man be full to the Throat
And cannot take off his drink
And if his drink will not down,
He may hang himſelf for ſhame,
So may the Tapſter at the Crown,
Whereupon this reaſon I frame;
Drink will make a man Drunk,
And Drunk will make a man dry;
Dry will make a man ſick,
And Sick will make a man Die,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Man ſhould be drunk to night,
And laid in his grave to morrow,

Will

Will you or any man ſay,
That he died of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up ſorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that!
For drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man ſing;
Singing will make a man laugh,
And Laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry,
Dear brother it is a Sin,
To drink unleſs you be dry,
Then ſtrait this tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Can,
And took him to his Jugg,
And there he play'd the man,
As long as he could tugg:
But when that he was ſpay'd
What did he ſwear or rail;
No truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
Indeed all fleſh is frail,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'll be Drunk,
Of frailty it is a ſin,
Or for to keep a Punk,
Or play at In and In;
For drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs,
In ſpite of the Phyſician:
Who ſo fears every Graſs,
Muſt never Piſs in a Meadow,
And he that loves a pot and a Laſs,
Muſt never cry Oh my head, oh!
Says Old *Simon* the King.

The Gelding of the Devil, *by* Dick *the Baker of* Mansfield *Town.*



NOw liften a while and I will you tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
And *Dick* the *Baker* of *Mansfield* Town,
To *Munchester* market he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
This *Baker* rid on with a merry chear:
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy Horſe ſo fair and fat ?
In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay,
Becauſe his ſtones were cut away.
For he that will have a Gelding free,
Both fair and luſty he muſt be :
Oh ! quoth the Devil, and ſaiſt thou ſo,
Thou ſhalt geld me before thou do'ſt go.

Go, tie thy Horſe unto a tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me.
The *Baker* had a knife of Iron and Steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell.
It was ſharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit for to cut any manner of ſtones :
The *Baker* being lighted from his Horſe,
Cut the Devil's ſtones from his Arſe.

Oh ! quoth the Devil beſhrow thy heart,
Thou doſt not feel how I do ſmart ;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this ſame day ſevennight.
The *Baker* hearing the words he ſaid,
Within his heart was ſore afraid,
He hied him to the next market town,
To ſell his bread both white and brown.

And when the market was done that Day,
The Baker went home another way,
Unto his wife he then did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell :
Nay, a wondrous word I hard him ſay,
He would geld me next market day ;
Therefore, wife, I ſtand in doubt,
I'd rather, quoth ſhe thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'd rather thou ſhould break thy Neck-bone,
Then for to loſe any manner of ſtone,
For why 'twill be a loathſome thing,
When every Woman ſhall call thee Gelding ; Thus

Thus they continu'd both in fear,
Until the next market day drew near.
Well quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

Thy Hoſe, thy Shoon and Cap alſo,
And I like a man to the Market will go:
Then up ſhe got her all in haſt,
With all her bread upon her beaſt;
And when ſhe came to the hill ſide,
There ſhe ſaw two Devils abide,
A little Devil and another,
Lay playing under the hill ſide together

Oh! quoth the Devil without any fain,
Yonder comes the Baker again;
Beeſt thou well Baker, or beeſt thou wo,
I mean to geld the before thou doſt go,
Theſe were the words the Woman did ſay,
Good Sir I was gelded but yeſterday;
Oh quoth the the Devil that I will ſee,
And he pluckt her cloths above her knee.

And looking upward from the ground,
There he ſpyed a grevious wound:
Oh (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
For he was not cuning that gelded thee,
For when he had cut away the ſtones clean,
He ſhould have ſowed up the hole again;
He called the litle Devil to him anon,
And bid him look to that ſame man.

Whilſt he went into ſome private place,
To fetch ſome ſalve in a little ſpace,
The great Devil was gone but a little way,
But upon her belly there crept a flea;
The little Devil ſoon ſpied that,
He up with his paw and gave her a pat:
With that the Woman began to ſtart,
And out ſhe thruſt a moſt horrible fart. Whoop!

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come again I pray,

For here's another hole broke by my fay;
The great Devil he came running in haſt,
Within his heart was ſore aghaſt.
Fough quoth the Devil thou art not ſound,
Thou ſtinkeſt ſo ſore above the ground.
Thy life days ſure cannot be long,
Thy breath it fumes ſo wondrous ſtrong.

The hole is cut ſo near the Bone,
There is no ſalve can ſtick thereon,
And therefore *Baker* I ſtand in doubt,
That all thy Bowels will fall out:
Therefore *Baker* hie thee away,
And in this place no longer ſtay.

A SONG, Sung in the laſt Revived Comedy Call'd The Virtuous Wife, *Acted at the* Theatre Royal. *The Words by Mr.* D'Urfey: *Sett by Mr.* Tollot.





THe *Sages* of old,
In Prophecy told;
The cauſe of a Nations undoing:
But the true *Engliſh* breed,
No Prophets do need,
For each man here ſeeks his own ruin.
By grumbling and Jars,
We promote civil Wars;
And Preach up falſe Tenets to many,
We ſnarl, and we bite,
We rail, and we fight
For Religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commmend,
That's true to his Friend;
And a Miſs that can Wittily prattle:
That delights not in Blood,
But draws when he ſhou'd:
And bravely ne'er ſhrinks from a Battle;
That rails not at Kings,
Nor at Politick things;
Nor Treaſon does ſpeak when he's mellow,
But takes a full Glaſs,
To his Maſter's ſucceſs,
This, this is the honeſt brave Fellow.

To

To a Friend who deſired no more than to admire the Mind, and the Beauty of Sylvia.



THo' *Sylvia*'s Eyes a flame could raiſe,
More fit for wonder than for praiſe;
And tho' her wit were clear and high,
That 'twere reſiſtleſs as her Eye;
Yet without Love ſhe ſtill ſhall find,
I'm deaf to one, to th' other blind.

Thoſe Fools that think Beauty can prove
A cauſe ſufficient for their Love,
I wiſh they never may have more,
To try how Looks can cure their ſore:
'Tis ſuch the Sex ſo high have ſet,
They take it not for gift, but debt.

If Love were unto Sight confin'd,
The god of it would not be Blind;
Nor would the pleaſure of it be
So often in obſcurity:

No, to know Joys each ſenſe hath right,
Equal at leaſt to that of Sight.

The gods, who knew the nobleſt part
In Love, ſought not the Mind but heart;
And when hurt by the winged Boy,
What they admir'd they did enjoy;
Knowing a Kindneſs Love could prove
The hope, reward, and cure of Love.

I'll rather my affections keep
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in ſleep,
Than caſt away an hour of Care
On any 'cauſe ſhe's only fair:
Nay, ſleep more pleaſing Dreams do move
Than are your waking ones of Love.

The Frenſie's leſs love to endure,
Then after to decline the Cure;
Yet you do both, aiming no higher
Than for to ſee, and to admire,
An Idol you'll not only frame,
But you will too adore the ſame.

Had there in *Silvia* nothing ſhin'd,
But the unſeen Charms of her Mind,
You would have had the like eſteem
For her that I have ſtill for them:
If fleſh and blood your flame inſpire,
Then make thoſe only your deſire.

And Friend, that you may clearly prove
'Tis not her mind alone you love;
Let her 't wixt us her ſelf impart,
Give you her Mind, and me her Heart:
As little cauſe then you will find
As I do now, to Love her Mind.

Celia's

Cælia's *Complaint.*

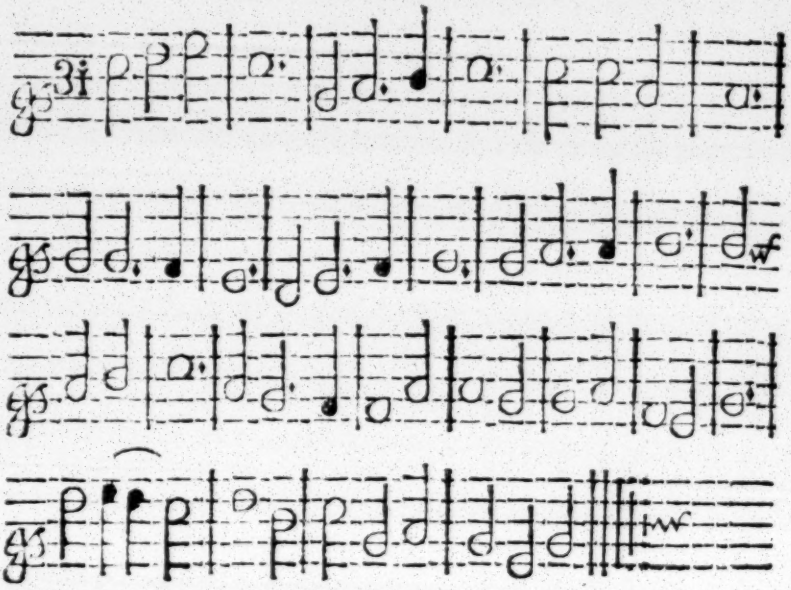


POor *Cælia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching Eye ſhe had;
Moſt neatly look'd her braided Hair,
Her dainty Cheek would make you mad;
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her Breaſt ten Thouſand (Thouſand) *Cupids lay.*

Then many a doting Lover came,
From Seventeen to Twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But ſhe forſooth affected none:
One was not Handſom, th' other was not Fine;
This of Tabaco ſmelt, and that of Wine.

But t' other day it was my fate
To walk along that way alone;
I ſaw no Coach before her gate,
But at her door I heard her mone;
She dropt a Tear, and ſighing ſeem'd to ſay,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.

Amyntor's *Welladay.*



Chloris now thou art fled away,
Amyntor's ſheep are gone aſtray;
And all the joy he took to ſee,
His pretty Lambs run after thee,
Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
Sings nothing now but welladay (welladay.)

His Oaten pipe that in thy praiſe
Was wont to play ſuch roundelays,
Is thrown away, and not a ſwain
Dares pipe, or ſing, within his plain;
'Tis death for any now to ſay
One word to him, but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little feet
So roundly did in meaſures meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Comes near *Amyntor* ſince you went,
All that I ever heard him ſay
was *Chloris*, *Chloris*, welladay.

Up-

Upon thoſe Banks you us'd to tread
He ever ſince hath laid his head,
And whiſper'd there ſuch pining woe,
As not a blade of graſs will grow;
O *Chloris*! *Chloris*! come away,
And hear *Amyntor*'s welladay.

A Lady to a young Courtier.



I Ove thee! Good Sooth, Not I;
I've ſomewhat elſe to doe:
Alas! you muſt go learn to talk,
Before you learn to wooe.
Nay fie, ſtand off, go too, go too.

Becauſe you're in the faſhion,
And newly come to Court,
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators
T'invite us to the Sport?
Ha! ha! who will not jeer thee for't!

Ne'er look ſo ſweetly, Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Band,
We know you trim your borrow'd Curls
To ſhew your pretty Hand;
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go practiſe how to jeer,
And think each word a Jeſt,
That's the Court Wit: Alas! you're out
To think when finely dreſt,
You pleaſe me or the Ladies beſt.

And why ſo confident!
Becauſe that lately we
Have brought another lofty word,
Unto our pedegree?
Your inſide ſeems the worſe to me.

Mark how Sir *Whickam* fools;
I marry there's a Wit
Who cares not what he ſays or ſwears
So Ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny ſuch blades a bit?

A deſcription of Chloris.



HAve you e'er ſeen the Morning Sun,
Riſe from [illegible]'s boſom run?
Or have you ſeen on *Flora*'s Bed,
The Preſſenſes of white and red?
Then you may boaſt for you have ſeen,
My Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears
With the ſweet Muſick of the Spheres?
Have you e'er heard the Syrens ſing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hells black King?
If ſo, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou haſt heard my *Chloris* voice.

Have you e'er ſmelt that Chymick skill
From Roſe or Amber doth diſtill?
Have you been near that ſacrifice
The Phœnix makes before ſhe dies?
Then you can tell (I do preſume)
My *Chloris* is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er taſted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
Or did you ever taſt that meat
Which Poets ſay that Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

Amyntor's *Dream.*



AS ſad *Amyntor* in a Meadow lay,
Slumbring upon a bed of new-made Hay,
A Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his eyes,
Whereat he wakes, and thus *Amyntor* crys;
Chloris where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! ſhe's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Heark! how the Winds conſpire with ſtorm and rain,
To ſtop her courſe, and beat her back again:
Heark! how the heavens chide her in her way,
For robbing poor *Amyntor* of his joy:
And yet ſhe comes not *Chloris*, O! ſhe's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Come

Come, *Chloris*, come, ſee where *Amyntor* lies,
Juſt as you left him, but with ſadde Eyes;
Bring back that heart which thou haſt ſtoln from me
That Lovers may record thy Conſtancy;
O! no, ſhe will not, *Chloris*, O! ſhe's fled,
And left *Amyntor*, &c.

O! lend me (Love) thy wings that I may fly
Into her boſom, take my leave, and die:
What comfort have I now ith' world ſince ſhe
That was my world of joy is gon from me,
My Love, my *Chloris*? *Chloris*, O! ſhe's fled,
And left *Amyntor*, &c.

Awake *Amyntor* from this dream, for ſhe
Hath too much goodneſs to be falſe to thee:
Think on her Oaths, her Vows, her Sighs, her Tears,
And thoſe will quickly ſatisfie thy fears.
No, no, *Amyntor*, *Chloris* is not fled,
But will return into thy longing Bed.

A SONG.





CAlm was the Ev'ning and clear the Sky,
And the ſweet budding Flowers did ſpring;
When all alone went *Amyntor*, and I,
To hear the ſweet Nightingale ſing,
I ſate and he laid him down by me,
And ſcarcely his breath he could draw:
But when with a fear he began to come near,
He was daſh'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

He bluſh'd to himſelf and laid ſtill for a while,
His modeſty curb'd his deſire;
But ſtraight I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile,
And added new flames to his fire:
Ah, *Silvia*! ſaid he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in aw,
Then once more he preſt with his hand to my breaſt
But was daſh'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

I knew 'twas his Paſſion that cauſed his fear,
And therefore I pity'd his caſe;
I whiſper'd him ſoftly there's no body near,
And laid my cheek cloſe to his face:
But as we grew bolder and bolder,
A ſhepherd came by us and ſaw:
And ſtraight as our bliſs began with a kiſs,
He laught out with a Ha, ha, ha, ha. &c.

A

A SONG.



THus all our lives long we're frolick and gay,
And inſtead of Court Revels we merrily play,
At Trap and Kettles, at Early-break run,
At Goff and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
These innocent ſports, we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green gown.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Patridge, Hare, the Pheaſant our Quarry;
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chaſe,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a glaſs:
And when we have done, &c.

About the May-pole we dance all around,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roſes are crown'd; Our

Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May.
And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we kiſs and we toy,
What others but Dream of, we daily enjoy;
With our Sweet-hearts we daily ſo long till we find
Their pretty Eyes ſay their Hearts are grown kind.
And when we have done we laugh and lye down,
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green Gown.

A SONG.



WHere ever I am, or what ever I do,
My *Phillis* is ſtill in mind ;
When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themſelves the way find ;
Unknown to my ſelf, I am juſt at her door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more ;
Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind :
Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind.

When *Phillis* I ſee, my Heart burns in my breaſt,
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhown :
But aſleep or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone.
Sometimes a ſweet dream doth delude my ſad mind ;
But alas! when I wake and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his treaſure in vain ;
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again :
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd ;
And envy no Monarch his reign,
And envy no Monarch his reign.

Alas! I diſcover too much of my Love ;
And ſhe too well knows her own pow'r :
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom Prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, both falſe and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her pow'r :
Than ever be freed from her power :

A SONG.



HOw unhappy a Lover am I,
Whilst I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain:
All my hopes of delight are another Man's right;
Who is happy whilst I am in pain;
Since her honour affords no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear;
'Tis the best of your fate, in a hopeless estate,
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
Yet I wish what I hope not to win:
From without my desire has no food to its fire,
But it burns and consumes me within.

Yet

Yet at leaſt, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your ſuff'rings her own.

O you Pow'rs! let me ſuffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'll lie:
I'll reſign up my breath, and take pleaſure in death,
To be pit'd by her when I die.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death ſhe will give to her Love:
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,
When the Souls do meet cloſer above.

A SONG.



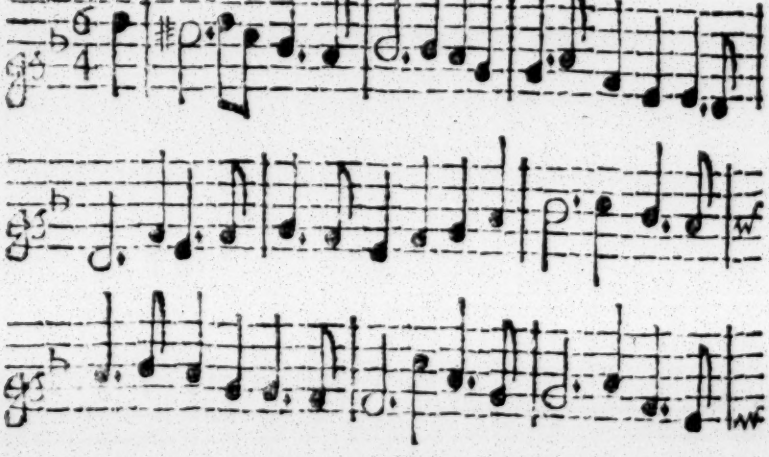
As

AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
A Laſs was deploring her hapleſs eſtate;
In a languiſhing poſture, poor Maide, ſhe appears,
All ſwell'd with her Sighs, and blubbr'd with her Tears,
She Cry'd and ſhe Sob'd and I found it was all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

At laſt ſhe broke out, Wretched, ſhe ſaid,
Will not Youth come ſuccour a languiſhing Maid,
With what he with eaſe and with pleaſure may give,
Without which, alas, poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave ſighing, and crying and call,
For a little of that, &c.

At firſt when I ſaw a young man in the place,
My colour would fade and then fluſh in my face:
My breath would grow ſhort, and I ſhiver'd all o'er,
My breaſt never popp'd up and down ſo before:
I ſcarce knew for what, but now I find it was all,
For a little of that, &c.

A SONG.





BEneath a Mirtle ſhade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtreight my Love before me brought,
Phillis the Object of my waking thought;
Undreſt ſhe came, my flames to meet;
Whilſt Love ſtrew'd flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So preſt by her, became, became more ſweet.

From the bright Viſions head,
A careleſs veil of Lawn was looſly ſpread;
From her white Temples fell her ſhaded hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, Her Lips did Love inſpire,
Her ev'ry Grace my heart did fire;
But moſt her Eyes, that languiſh'd with deſire.

Ah! charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my bliſs and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love, this lovely ſhade
Was for revenge of ſuffering Lovers made,
Silence and ſhades with Love agree,
Both ſhelter you, and favour me;
You cannot Bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

No, let me die, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid;
Faintly ſhe ſpoke me-thought for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a ſmile.
Then die ſaid I, ſhe ſtill deny'd
And is it thus, thus, thus, ſhe cry'd;
You uſe a harmleſs Maid! and ſo ſhe dy'd.

I wak't and ſtraight I knew,
I Lov'd ſo well, it made my dream prove true:
Fancy the kinder Miſtriſs of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do,
Ah, cruel Nymph ceaſe your diſdain,
While I can dream you ſcorn in vain,
Aſleep, or waking you muſt eaſe my pain.

A SONG.



METhinks the poor Town has been troubled to long,
With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
By fools who at once, can both love and diſpair;
And will never leave calling them cruel and Fair,
Which juſtly provokes me in Rhime to expreſs,
The truth that I know of my Bonny Black *Beſs*.

This *Beſs* of my Heart, this *Beſs* of my ſoul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan round her [Waſt,
But her round ſwelling Thighs can ſcare be embrac'd:
Her Belly is ſoft not a word of the reſt;
But I know what I mean when I drink to the beſt.

The Plow-man and Squire, the erranter Clown,
At home ſhe ſubdu'd in her Paragon gown;
But now ſhe adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudeſt Town Gallants are forc'd to ſubmit:
All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever ſhe comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord——s Drums.

But to thoſe who have had my dear *Beſs* in their Arms,
She's gentle and knows how to ſoften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to liſpe, and trip in her pace:
And with head on one ſide, and a languiſhing Eye,
To Kill us with looking, as if ſhe would die.

A SONG.



O The time that is paſt,
When ſhe held me ſo faſt;
And declar'd that her Honour no longer could laſt;
When no light, but her languiſhing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all excuſes of Bluſhes and Fear.

When ſhe ſigh'd and unlac'd,
With ſuch trembling and haſt,
As if ſhe had long'd to be cloſer imbrac'd;
My Lips the ſweet pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd,
While my mind was in ſearch of hid treaſure imploy'd.

My Heart ſet on fire,
With the flames of deſire;
I boldly purſu'd what ſhe ſeem'd to require,
But ſhe cry'd for pity-ſake, change your ill mind,
Pray *Amyntas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear *Amyntas*, ſhe crys,
Then caſts down her eyes;
And in Kiſſes ſhe gives what in Words ſhe denys:
Too ſure of my Conqueſt, I purpoſe to ſtay,
Till her free conſent had more ſweetned the prey.

But too late I begun,
For her paſſion was done;
Now *Amyntas*, ſhe crys, I will never be won:
Your tears and your courtſhip no pity can move,
For you've ſlighted the critical minute of Love.

Dorinda *Lamenting the loſe of her* Amyntas.



ADieu to the Pleaſures and follies of Love,
For a Paſſion more Noble my Fancy does move;
My ſhepherd is Dead, and I live to proclaim,
In ſorrowful Notes, my *Aminta's* his Name:
The Wood Nymphs reply, when they hear me co
Thou never ſhalt ſee thy *Aminta's* again: (pl
For Death has befriended him,
Fate has defended him;
None, none alive is ſo happy a Swain.

You ſhepherds and Nymphs, that have danc'd to his la
Come help me to ſing forth *Amynta's* his praiſe;
No ſwain for the Garland durſt with him diſpute,
So ſweet were his Notes while he ſang to his Lute:
Then come to his grave, and your kindneſs purſue,
To weave him a Garland of Cypreſs and Yew:
For life hath forſaken him,
Death hath overtaken him;
No Swain again will be ever ſo true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Eſtate,
I loſt him too ſoon, and I lov'd him to late,
You Ecchoes, and Fountains my witneſſes prove,
How deeply I ſigh for the loſs of my Love:
And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
This favour I never will ceaſe to Implore;
That now I may go above,
And there enjoy my Love;
Then, Then, I never will part with him more.

To

The Town Gallant.



LEt us Drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoyce,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;

The

The changeable world to our joy is unjuſt,
All treaſures uncertain, then down with your duſt:
In frolicks diſpoſe your Pounds, Shillings and Pence,
For we ſhall be nothing a Hundred years hence.

We'll Kiſs and be free with *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oyſters and Lobſters, and Maids by the Belly;
Fiſh Dinners will make a Laſs ſpring like a Flea,
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddeſs) was born of the Sea.
With *Bacchus* and with her we'll tickle the ſenſe,
For we ſhall be paſt it a Hundred years hence.

Your moſt Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upn her
That her Honeſty ſells for a Hogo of Honour; (dor,
Whoſe lightneſs and brightneſs doth ſhine in ſuch ſplen-
That none but the ſtars are thought fit to attend her.
Though now ſhe be pleaſant and ſweet to the ſenſe,
Will be damnable mouldy a Hundred years hence.

The Uſurer that in the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty;
Lays up for a ſeaſon which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The Year of One thouſand eight hundred and three,
His wit and his wealth, his learning and ſenſe,
Shall be turned to nothing a Hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by ſubtilty thrives,
In ſpinning out Suits to the length of three lives;
Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in ſlavery,
Whilſt Pleader makes Conſcience a cloak for his knav'ry.
May boaſt of ſubtilty in th' Preſent Tenſe,
But *Non eſt inventus* a Hundred years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoil in Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquility to ſighs and Tears;
Let's eat, drink and play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain that *poſt mortem nulla Voluptas*.
Let's deal with our Damſels, that we may from thence
Have Broods to ſucceed us a Hundred years hence.

A

A SONG.



LEt's Love and let's Laugh,
Let's Dance and let's Sing,
While thrill Echoes ring;
Our Wiſhes agree,
And from Care we are free;
Then who is ſo happy, ſo happy as we?

We'll preſs the ſoft Graſs,
Each Swain with his Laſs,
And follow the Chaſe?
When weary we be,
We'll ſleep under a Tree;
Then who his ſo happy, &c.

By Flatt'ry or Fraud
No Shepherds betray'd,
Or Cheats the fond Maid;
No falſe ſubtle Knee
To decieve us we ſee;
Then who is ſo happy, &c.

We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor
That wiſh for no more;
Some richer may be,
And of higher degree;
But none are ſo happy, &c.

A SONG.



LEt the daring Adventurers be toſs'd on the Main,
And for Riches no danger decline;
Tho' with hazard the ſpoils of both *Indies* they gain,
They can bring us no treaſure like Wine:
Tho' with hazard the ſpoils of both *Indies* they gain,
They can bring us no treaſure like Wine.

Enough of ſuch wealth would a Beggar enrich,
And ſupply great wants in a King:
'Twould ſmooth all the Griefs in a comfortleſs wretch,
And inſpire weeping Captives to ſing.
'Twould ſmooth, &c.

There's none that groans under a burdenſom Life,
If this Sovereign Balſom he gains.
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and diſeaſes in Chains.
This will make, &c.

It ſwells all our Veins with a kind purple flood.
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind:
There's no Peaſant ſo rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peaſant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with ſuch Joys can bewith,
For on earth 'tis a power that's Divine:
Without it we're wretched, though never ſo rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.

A SONG.



Pallora's Beauties when unblown,
E're yet the tender Bud did cleave,
To my more early Love were known,
Their fatal Pow'r I did perceive.
How often in the dead of Night,
When all the World lay hush'd in sleep,
Have I thought this my chief delight,
To sigh for you, for you to weep?

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of white,
No Letter yet did ever stain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The fair *Pallora* here must Reign.
Her Eyes, those darling Suns shall prove
Thy Love to be of noblest Race;
Which took its flight so far above
All Humane things, on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise;
A Love that was infus'd by you;
You gave Breath to its Infant sighs,
And all its Griefs that did ensue.
The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel,
How long shall I of that complain;
Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal,
And take away the tort'ring pain.

A SONG.





HAil to the Myrtle ſhade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Field ;
Kings will not here invade,
Tho' Vertue all freedom yields,
Beauty here opens her arms,
To ſoften the languiſhing Mind ;
And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms :
Ah *Phillis* ! ah ! why ſo kind ?

Phillis the Soul of Love,
The Joy of Neighbouring Swains ;
Phillis that Crowns the Groves,
And *Phillis* that gilds the Plains :
Phillis that ne'er had the skill,
To Paint or to Patch, or be fine ;
Yet *Phillis*, whoſe Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis whoſe charming Tongue,
Makes Labour and Pain a delight ;
Phillis that makes the Day young,
And ſhortens the livelong night :
Phillis Whoſe lips like may,
Still laugh at the ſweets that they bring,
Where Love never knew decay,
But ſets with eternal ſpring.

The Claret Bottle.



A Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of late,
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run mad with Suſpitions and Fears;
Let 'em Scuffle and Jarr 'till they go by the Ears:
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were thoſe, who would barter their Eaſe,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Maſs;
At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to ſwing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my deſign,
H'as no room for treaſon that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em sit or Prorogue as his Majesty please;
Let 'em Damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my lodging when dead so alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curse 'em for making my Claret so dear.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State.
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and Monsieur *d' Avaux*;
What concerns it my drinking if *Cassis* be sold.
If the Conquerour takes it by storming or Gold
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own:
Let him fight and be damn'd and make Matches & treat,
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House chat,
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat:
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will beat;
No I swear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that.
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profession that never will alter.

A SONG.



RAnging the Plain one Summers night,
To pass a vacant hour;
I fortunately chanc'd to light,
On lovely *Phillis* Bow'r:
The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms,
In expectation sate,
To meet those Joys in *Strephon*'s Arms,
Which Tongue cannot relate.

Up-

Upon her Hand ſhe lean'd her Head,
  Her Breaſt did gently riſe;
That e'ry Lover might have read,
  Her wiſhes in her Eyes:
At e'ry breath that mov'd the Trees,
  She ſuddenly would ſtart;
A cold on all her body ſeiz'd,
  A trembling on her heart.

But he that knew how well ſhe lov'd,
  Beyond his hour had ſtay'd;
And both with fear and anger mov'd
  The Melancholy Maid:
Ye Gods, ſhe ſaid, how oft he ſwore,
  He would be here by One;
But now alas! 'tis Six and more,
  And yet he is not come.

A SONG.



THe Night her blackeſt Sable wore,
And gloomy were the Skies;
And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
Than thoſe in *Stella's* Eyes:
When at her Fathers Gate I knock'd
Where I had often been;
And ſhrowded only with her Smock,
The fair one let me in.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe Embrace,
She trembling lay aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſt, and glowing Face,
And every touch inflam'd:
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
To yeild and let me in.

Then! then! beyond expreſſing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater bleſſing,
So great a God was I:
And ſhe tranported with delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd that every night,
She'd riſe and let me in.

But, oh! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bern,
And ſighing ſat and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Lookt then juſt like a Fool:
Her lovely Eyes with tears run o'er
Repenting her raſh Sin;
She ſigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er She let me in.

But who could cruelly decieve,
Or from ſuch Beauty part,
I lov'd her ſo I could not leave,
The Charmer of my Heart:

But

But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again:
And now she thanks the blessed Hour
That e'er she let me in.

On Marriage.



HE that is resolv'd to Wed,
And be by th' Nose, by Woman led,
Let him consider't well e'er he be sped;
For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,
If that she be enclin'd to strife,
Will find a man shrill Musick all his life.
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when she's vext,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,

He's

He's ſure to have enough of what comes next:
And by our Grammer Rules we ſee,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Soleciſms connected be;
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
That Wedlock or 'tis much belyed,
Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried:
And this convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband ne'er wants a ſight of's Sins,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the leaſt,
His Pennance ſhall be well encreaſt,
She'll make him ſteep a Vigil with a Feaſt;
And when's Confeſſion he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing elſe to doe, but to ſay *Amen*.
He has nothing, &c.

A SONG.



A Curſe on all Cares,
and popular Fears,
Come let's to the *Bell*,
For their Wine there drinks well;
There take of our Glaſs,
Nay it ſhall not one paſs:
Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does encreaſe and there's Claret good ſtore.

Come fill up your Wine,
Look fill it like mine,
Here boys I begin,
A good Health to the King;
Jack ſee it go round,
Whilſt with mirth we abound:
Cho. *For we will be dull and heavy no more,*
Since Wine, &c.

Nay dont us deceive,
Why this will you leave?
The Glaſs is not big,
What-a-pox you're no Whig;
Come drink up the reſt,
Or be Merry at leaſt:
Cho. *For we will be dull and heavy no more.*
Since Wine, &c.

A SONG.





BElieve me *Jenny* for I tell you true,
These sighs these Sobs, these Tears are all for you;
Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,
When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love?
It's not enough you cruel fair,
To slight my Love, neglect my Pain?
At least, that rigid Sentence spare;
Nor say that I first caus'd you to disdain.

No, no these silly stories wont Suffice,
Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
Let not dissimulation's baser Art,
Stifle the busie passion of your heart:
Let, let the Candor of your Mind,
Now with your Beauty equal prove;
Which I believe ne'er yet design'd,
The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

A SONG.



A Pox of dull Mortals of the grave and preciſe,
Who paſt the delight
We enjoy each night,
Give counſel, inſtruct us, to be counted more wiſe;
When Nature exites,
And Beauty invites,
Let us follow, let us follow our own appetites.

The briſk vigor of Youth, and fierce heat of our blood,
The force of Deſires
Which kind love inſpires,
Are too powerful Motives and can't be withſtood:
If Love be a Crime,
We're yet in our Prime;
Let's never grow wiſe, and repent e'er our time. Then

Then we'll boldly go on whil'ſt we're luſty and ſtrong,
Whilſt fit for the Task
Of a Vizard Mask,
And ſtill be as happy as ſtill we are young:
Whilſt the impotent Sot
Rails curſes his Lot,
And being paſt his Pleaſures would have 'em forgot.

A SONG.



YE happy Swains whoſe Nymphs are kind,
Teach me the Art of love;
That I the like ſucceſs may find,
My Shepherdeſs to move:

Long

Long have I ſtrove to win her Heart,
But yet alas! in vain;
For ſhe ſtill acts one cruel part,
Of Rigour and Diſdain.

Whilſt in my breaſt a Flame moſt pure,
Conſumes my Life away;
Ten thouſand Tortures I endure,
Languiſhing night and day.
Yet ſhe regardleſs of my Grief,
Looks on her dying Slave;
And unconcern'd yeilds no relief,
To heal the Wound ſhe gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?
I'm puniſt'd ſo ſevere;
Tell me that I may expiate;
With a repenting Tear:
But if you have reſolv'd that I,
No Mercy ſhall obtain;
Let her perſiſt in tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain.

A SONG.





MY Life and my Death are both in your pow'r,
I never was wretched 'till this cruel hour;
Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,
But alas! that's to kind for me ever to prove:
Could you gueſs with what pain my poor Heart is op-
(preſt,
I am ſure my *Alexis* would ſoon make me bleſt.

Diſtractedly jealous I do hourly rove,
Thus ſighing and muſing 'tis all for my Love;
No place I can find that does yield me relief,
My Soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:
But when my kind Stars let me ſee him (oh then!)
I forgive the cruel Author of all my paſt Pain.

A SONG.





AS *May* in all her youthful dreſs,
My Love ſo gay did once appear;
A Spring of Charms dwelt on her face,
And Roſes did inhabit there:
Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,
Each night new Pleaſures did create;
Harmonious words dropt from her Tongue,
And *Cupid* on her Forehead ſate.

But as the Sun to Weſt declines,
The Eaſtern ſky does colder grow;
And all its bluſhing looks reſigns,
To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
While Love was eager briſk, and warm,
My *Cloe* then was kind and gay;
But when by time I loſt the Charm,
Her ſmiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

A SONG.



WEep all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For *Strephon*'s now no more;
Your Treſſes ſpread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shoar:
See, See, upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddeſs ſtript appears;
They beat their Breaſts, and rend their Locks,
And ſwell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love that fatal hour,
When this poor Youth was born,
Had ſworn by *Styx* to ſhow his power,
He'd kill a man e'er morn:

For

For *Strephon*'s Breast he arm'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd and shot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

On *Stella*'s Lap he laid his head,
And looking in her Eyes.
He cry'd Remember when I am dead,
That I deserv'd the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, You love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he loves not you.

A SONG.



OH Mother *Roger* with his Kiſſes,
Almoſt ſtops my breath I vow!
Why does he gripe my hand to pieces,
And yet he ſays he loves me too?
Tell, me Mother, pray now do,
pray now do, pray now do,
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What *Roger* means when he does ſo?
For never ſtir I long to know.

Nay more the naughty man beſide it
Something in my Mouth did put;
I call'd him Beaſt and try'd to bite it,
But for my Life I cannot do't:
Tell me Mother, pray now do, *&c.*
For never ſtir I long to know.

He ſets me in his lap whole Hours,
Where I feel I know not what;
ſomething I never felt in yours
Pray tell me Mother what is that?
Tell me Mother what is that?
For never ſtir I long to know.

A SONG.





YOur Gameſter provok'd by his loſs, may forſwear,
And rayl againſt Play, yet can never forbear;
Deluded with Hopes, what is loſt may be won,
In paſſion plays on, 'till at laſt he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond pain,
Of thoſe fatal wounds which Love gets by diſdain;
Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
To expoſe my poor heart to thoſe dangers agen.

Clariſſa I live on the hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me ſo, that you kinder will prove,
In ſome lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your forces in Arms to deſtroy me.

My fortune I hope is reſerv'd for this caſt,
To make me a Saver for all my Life paſt;
Be lucky this once Dice! 'tis all I implore,
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

A SONG.



HOw lovely's a Woman before ſhe's enjoy'd,
When the Spirits are ſtrong, & the Fancy not cloy'd!
We admire every Part, tho' never ſo plain,
Which when throughly poſſeſt, we quickly diſdain.

So Drinking we love too, juſt at the ſame rate,
For when we are at it, we fooliſhly prate,
What Acts we have done, and ſet up for a Wit,
But next morning's Pains our Pleaſure do quit.

But Muſic's a Pleaſure, that tires not ſo ſoon,
'Tis Pleaſant in Moring, 'tis welcom at Noon;
'Tis charming at Nights, to ſing *Catches* in Parts,
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoyces our Hearts.

But Muſic alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, tho' never ſo fine;
Therefore by conſent we'll enjoy them all three,
Wine and Muſic for you, and the Women for me.

A SONG.



Fairest Work of happy Nature,
Sweet without diſſembling Art;
Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,
Cruel only in a Heart:
View the Beauties of the Morning,
Where no ſullen Clouds appear;
Graces there, are leſs adorning,
Than below, when *Celia*'s there.

Ev'ry Tunefull Breaſt confeſſes,
Sounds by you improve their Power;
Ev'ry Tongue in ſoft Addreſſes,
Humbly tells us his Amour;
Such a Tribute, lovely Bleſſing,
Faithful *Strephon* ne'er denies;
Such a Treaſure in poſſeſſing,
All the Bills of Love ſupplies.

Yet I ſee by ev'ry Tryal,
  Feeble Hopes my Flames purſue;
Ever finding a Denial,
  Where my ſofteſt Love was true:
But my Heart knows no retreating,
  No decay can eaſe my Pain;
Love allows of no defeating,
  Tho' the Prize is ſought in vain.

For if e're my *Celia's* Treaſure,
  Muſt her Virgin Sweets reſign;
Love ſhall flow with equal Meaſure,
  And I'll boldly call her mine:
'Till her painting wedded Lover,
  Grown uneaſy by my Claim;
Leaves me freely to diſcover
  Golden Coaſts without a Name.

A SONG.





S*Abina*, in the dead of Night,
In reſtleſs Slumbers wiſhing lay;
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light,
To looſe Deſires did lead the way:
I ſtep'd to her Bed-ſide with bended Knee,
And ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
And ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
And ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
I'm ſure ſhe ſaw, but would not ſee.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
Which did her whiter body keep;
But ſtill the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faſter ſhe did ſleep:
I call'd *Sabina* ſoftly in her Ear,
And ſure *Sabina* heard but would not hear.

Thus, as ſome Midnight Thief, (when all)
Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy,
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
to ſearch for hidden Treaſury:
So mov'd my buſie Hand from Head to Heell,
And ſure *Sabina* felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a Wiſh enjoy,
And ſhe without a Bluſh receives;
As by Diſſembling moſt are coy,
She by Diſſembling freely gives:
For you may ſafely ſay, nay, ſwear it too,
Sabina ſhe did hear,
Sabina ſhe did ſee,
Sabina ſhe did feel.
She did hear, ſee, feel, ſigh, kiſs, and do.

A SONG.



WHy is your faithful Slave diſdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd!
Oh, keep it by the ſame!
For ever ſhall my Paſſion laſt,
If you will make me once poſſeſt,
Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will ſuffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown muſt give,
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Thoſe Snowy Breaſts that fall and riſe,
Fanning my raging Flame;
That Shape ſo made to be imbrac't,
What would I give, I might but taſte
Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wiſh to riſe,
Both Wealth and Honour I deſpiſe,
And that vain Breath, call'd Fame;
By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis ſomething more I would obtain,
'Tis that I dare not name.

A SONG.



A Gentle Breeze from the *Lavinian* Sea,
Was gliding o'er the Coaſt of *Sicily*;
When lull'd with ſoft Repoſe, a Proſtrate maid,
Upon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head:
Her Soul was all tranquil and ſmooth with Reſt,
Like the harmonious Slumbers of the Bleſt;

Wrapp'd up in Silence, innocent ſhe lay,
And preſt the Flow'rs with touch as ſoft as they.

My thoughts, in gentleſt Sounds, ſhe did impart,
Heighten'd by all the Graces of that Art;
And as I Sung, I graſp'd her yeilding Thighs,
'Till broken Accents faulter'd into Sighs:
I kiſs'd, and wiſh'd, and forrag'd, all her ſtore,
Yet wallowing in the pleaſure, I was poor;
No kind relief my Agonies could eaſe,
I groan'd and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The trembling Nymph all o'er confuſion lay,
Her melting Looks in ſweet diſorder play;
Her Colour varies, and her Breath's oppreſs'd,
And all her Faculties are diſpoſſeſs'd,
At laſt impetuouſly her Pulſes move;
She gives mighty looſe to ſtifled Love;
Then murmurs in a ſoft Complaint, and cries,
Alas! and thus in ſoft Convulſions dies.

A SONG.

WHen Money has done what e're it can,
And round about run to pleaſure a Man,
Whoſe Life's but a ſpan;
With worldly Joys, and the glittering Toys,
Which do make ſuch a Noiſe;
As confound all advice, that's given by the Wiſe,
And in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Miſeries,
And there do leave him.

Then the World which before,
For his ſtore did adore him,
Streight ſeems afraid of one decay'd.
And him upbraid of the Wealth,
Which each by's Trade did before deceive him;
But when the Mortal ſees his own undoing,
Finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a going

Then

Then he ſighs and moans,
And then he pines and groans;
At laſt he craves, his Friends deny,
At which he raves, and ſwears he'll die,
And thus he cries,
He ne'er was wiſe,
Untill in Miſery he dies;
And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies,
Fare him well for evermore, *Amen.*

A SONG.



PRetty *Armida* will be kind,
When at her feet you proſtrate lie;
No cruel Looks was e're deſign'd,
To dwell within her charming Eye:
Gaze on her Face, and ev'ry Part,
That is expoſed to your view;
You'll preſently conclude her Heart
To be ſo ſoft, 'twill yield to you.

But firſt 'tis fit you try your Skill,
You may not think that without pain;
And ſome attendance on her will,
So rich a Prize you ſhall obtain:
Wooers like Angling-Men, muſt wait
Woman's time, and give them play,
Till ſhe has ſwallow'd well the Bait,
Before ſhe will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armida*'s Looks be kind,
And you read yielding in her Eyes;
Yet you alas! may quickly find,
Thoſe Charms do nought but tantalize:
Her heart may not ſo eaſe be
As you imagine, but may prove
As hard as Adament to thee,
And proof againſt the Darts of love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
Make Tryal of, Sir, if you pleaſe;
Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,
And beg of her relief and Eaſe:
But ſhe'll not hear you, for ſhe ſpies
That underneath your gilded Bait;
A crafty Hook incloſed lies,
So from your Angle ſhe'll retreat.

A SONG.



I Saw the Laſs whom dear I lov'd,
Long ſighing, and complaining,
While me ſhe ſhunn'd and diſapprov'd,
Another entertaining:
Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free,
No favour ſhe refus'd him;
Judge how unkind ſhe was to me,
While ſhe ſo kindly us'd him!

His Hand her milk-white Bubby preſs'd,
A Bliſs worth Kings deſiring;
Ten thouſand times he kiſs'd her Breaſt,
The Snowy Mounts admiring;

While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to ſuch paſſion mov'd him;
She clapp'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
To ſhew, ſhe well approv'd him.

The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,
And ſwell'd my Heart with Paſſion;
Which, like my love, could not be tam'd,
Nor had Conſideration:
I beat my Breaſt, and tore my Hair,
On my hard Fate complaining;
That plung'd me into deep Deſpair,
Becauſe of her diſdaining.

Ah, cruel *Moggy*! then I cry'd,
Will not my Sorrows move you?
Or if my Love muſt be deny'd,
Yet give me leave to love you:
And then frown on, and ſtill be coy,
Your conſtant Swain deſpiſing;
For 'tis but juſt you ſhould deſtroy
What is not worth your prizing.

A SONG.





A Soldier and a Sailer, a Tinker and a Taylour,
Had once a doubtfull ſtrife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir;
Whoſe name was Buxome *Joan*,,
Whoſe name was Buxome *Joan*:
For now the time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended,
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lie a nights a-lone,
And lie a nights a-lone.

The Soldier ſwore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than plunder;
And ſhew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With Fighting for her ſake.
The Taylour thought to pleaſe her,
With offering her his Meaſure;
The Tinker too with Mettle;
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Sailer ſlily waiting;
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhou'd all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his part;
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir;
And then he let fly at her,
A ſhot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A SONG to a Minuet Tune.



IF you will Love me, be free in Expreſſing it,
And henceforth give me no cauſe to complain;
Or if you hate me be plain in confeſſing it,
And in few words put me out of my pain.
This long delaying, with ſighting and praying,
Breeds only decaying in life and Amour,
Cooing and Wooing,
And daily purſuing,
Is Damn'd ſilly doing, therefore I'll give o're.

If you'll propoſe a kind method of Ruling me,
I may return to my Duty again;
But if you ſtick to your old way of Fooling me,
I muſt be plain, I am none of your Men;
Paſſion, for Paſſion, on each kind occaſion,
With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,
But Tedious Prating,
Coy folly debating,
And new doubts creating, ſtill makes it expire.

The

The Answer, to the same Minuet Tune.

YOu Love, and yet when I ask you to Marry me,
Still have recourse to the tricks of your Art
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.
Fye, Fye, deceiver,
No longer endeavour,
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won;
No fond Caressing,
Must be nor unlacing,
Or tender embracing, till th' Parson has done.

Some say Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleasing their humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comforts destroyer and Plague of their lives:
Some are affirming;
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait, tho' not Prison agree,
Ventring that Chouse you,
Must let me Espouse you
If e're, my dear Mouse, you will Nibble at me.

A SONG.



Ye



YE Nymphs and *Sylvan* Gods
That Love green Fields and Woods,
When Spring newly born,
Her ſelf does adorn,
With Flowr's and Blooming Buds;
Come Sing in the praiſe,
Whilſt Flocks do graze,
In yonder pleaſant Vale,
Of thoſe that chooſe,
Their ſleeps to loſe.
And in cold Dews,
With clouted Shooes,
Do carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddeſs of the Morn,
With bluſhes they adorn,
And take the freſh Air;
Whilſt Linnets prepare
A Conſort on each green Thorn,
The Ouſle and Thruſh,
On every Buſh;
And the Charming Nightingale
In merry Vein,
Their Throats do ſtrain,
To entertain
The Jolly train
That carry the Milking Pail.

When

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flow'rs can ſpring no more,
The Fields that were ſeen,
So pleaſant and green,
By winter all candid o'er
Oh! how the Town laſs,
Looks with her white Face,
And her lips of deadly Pale:
But it is not ſo,
With thoſe that go,
Through Froſt and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking pail.

The Miſs of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With waſhes and Paint,
Her Skin does ſo Taint,
She's wither'd before ſhe's old,
Whilſt ſhe in Commode,
Put's on a Cart-load;
And with Cuſhions Plumps her Tail;
What Joys are found,
In Ruſſet Gown,
Young, plump and round,
And ſweet and ſound,
That carry the Milking Pail.

The Girls of *Venus* game,
That venture Health and Fame,
In practiſing Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame,
If Men were ſo wiſe,
To value the price,
Of the wares moſt fit for ſale,
What ſtore of Beaus,
Would daub their Cloaths,
To ſave a Noſe,
By following thoſe,
That carry the Milking pail.

A SONG.



Chloe found *Amyntas* lying,
All in Tears upon the Plain;
Sighing to himſelf and crying,
wretched I to love in vain!
Kiſs me, Kiſs me, Dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once and eaſe my pain.

Sighing to himſelf and crying,
Wretched I, to Love in vain:
Exclaiming and denying,
To faithfull Swain;
fore my dying,
my pain.

Ever

Ever ſcorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain:
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
Kiſs me, Dear, before my dying,
Kiſs, me once and eaſe my pain.

Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
But repenting and complying,
When He Kiſs'd, She Kiſs'd again,
Kiſs'd Him up before His dying,
Kiſs'd Him up and eas'd His pain.

A SONG.



'Twas



'TWas within a furlong of *Edinborough* Town,
In the Roſie time of year, when the Graſs was down;
Bonny *Jocky* Blith and Gay,
Said to *Jenny* making Hay,
Let's ſit a little (Dear) and prattle,
'Tis a ſoultry Day:
He long had Courted the Black-brow'd Maid,
But *Jocky* was a Wagg and wou'd ne'er conſent to Wedd,
Which made her Piſh and Phoo, and cry it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, Munnot, buckle too,

He told her Marriage was grown a mere joke,
And that no one Wedded now but the Scoundrel folk,
Yet, my dear thou ſhouldeſt prevail,
But I know not what I ail,
I ſhall dream of Clogs, and ſilly Dogs,
With Bottles at their tail;
But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pritty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air,
If thou ne'er will Piſh nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er ſhall do,
I cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd ſhe, I believe,
But ah! what in return muſt your poor *Jenny* give,
When my Maiden Treaſure's gone,
I muſt gang to *London-Town*,
And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint,
And Kiſs for half a Crown;
Each drunken Bully oblige for pay,
And earn a hated Living in an odious fulſom way,
No, no, it ne'er ſhall do for a Wife I'll be to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

A SONG.



MAn, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man;
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Scabbard for the Blade,
As for digging is the Spade,
As for Liquor is the Can,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter to be ſway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, &c.

Be ſhe Widow, Wife or Maid,
Be ſhe Wanton or Stay'd,
Be ſhe Well or Ill apay'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man, &c.

A SONG.



TAke not a Womans anger ill,
But let this be your comfort ſtill,
(This be your comfort ſtill,)
That if one won't another will:
Tho' ſhe that's fooliſh does deny,
She, ſhe that is wiſer will comply,
And if 'tis but a Woman what care I,
What care I, what care I,
If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to Swear untrue,
And Sigh and Weep, and Whine and Wooe,
As all our ſimple Coxcombs doe;
All Women love it and tho' this,
Does ſullenly forbid the bliſs,
Try but the next you cannot miſs.

A SONG.



S*awney* is a Bonny, Bonny Lad,
But *Sawney* Kenns it well;
And *Sawney* might a Boon hvae had,
But *Sawney* loves to tell:
He Weens that I mun love him ſoon.
Gin Lovers now are rare;
But I'de as lif have none,
As one whom twanty, twanty ſhare.

When anent your love you come,
Ah! *Sawney* were you true;
What tho' I ſeem to Frown and Gloom,
I ne'er could gang from you;
Yet ſtill my Tongue do what I can,
With muckle woe denies;
Wa's me when once we like a Man,
It boots not to be wiſe.

A SONG.



YOung I am and unskill'd,
How to make a Lover yield;
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to Love, and when to Feign:
Take me, take me some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
E're I can my Soul disguise,
Heave my Breast, (heave my Breast) and rowl my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to live and to betray;
He that loves me first is bleft,
For I may deceive the reſt:
Trust a blooming Youth,
Fond of Love and full of Truth;
Do not a *Famine* Meen,
I am young, to be Fifteen.

A SONG to a ground of Mr. Soloman Eccles.

STubborn Church-diviſion,
Folly and Ambition,
Cauſ'd with great Deriſion,
Poor *Englands* ſad condition;
Princes leave their Stations, by ſtrange Abdications:
New ones come to eaſe us,
Yet nothing e'er can pleaſe us,
Happy's the Man then that ſhuns the Great,
That pleaſeth himſelf in a Rural State.

With eaſe and in a ſweet retreat;
Avoids all Jarrs and Faction,
In his ſmall Dominions,
Vents no falſe Opinions,
Nor deſerts the true, for *Papiſt*, or *Socinian*,
But ſits down with his Friends around,
Whilſt the Glaſs is crown'd,
And the Healths abound,
To the King and Queen the beſt in Town.

The Fleet or Armies Action,
Argues ſtill with reaſon,
Speaks nor hears no Treaſon;
Nor Arraigns the ſenſe,
Of Five Hundred Heads to pleaſe one:
Plantiff or Defendants,
Ne'er get his attendance,
He wiſhes well to all that are at *White-Hall*,
But he Loves no Court dependance.

Books admires when Witty,
Good Muſick and a Ditty,
And takes a Spouſe, to adorn his Houſe,
That's Rich and kind, and pretty;
Merry, merry in Wedlock, all ſorrow
Warily does never, never lend nor borrow,
Generouſly entertains his Friends to day,
And is the ſame to morrow.

A SONG.



[* Piſh *muſt only be utter'd, not ſung.*]

Jocky. FAireſt *Jenny*! thou mun love me ;
Jenny. Troth, my bonny Lad, I do:
Jocky. Gin thou ſay'ſt, Thou doſt approve me
Deareſt, thou mun kiſs me too.
Jenny. Take a Kiſs or twa, or twa gude *Jocky*,
But I dare give nean I trow:
Fye! nay! * *Piſh* be not unlucky!
Wed me firſt, and aw will do.

Jocky. For aw Fife and Lands about it,
Ize not yield thus tobe bound;
Jenny. Nor I lig by thee without it
For twa hundred thouſand pound.
Jocky. Thou wilt die if I, if forſake thee.
Jenny. Better die, than be undone.
Jocky. Gin 'tis ſo, come on, Ize tauk thee,
'Tis too cauld to lig alone.

A

A SONG.



GReat *Jove* once made Love like a Bull, (a Bull,)
With *Leda* a Swan was in vogue;
And to perſevere in that Rule, (that Rule,)
He now does deſcend like a Dog:
For when I to *Celia* would ſpeak,
And on her Breaſt ſigh what I mean;
My Heart-Strings are ready to break,
For there I find Monſieur *Le Chien*, (*Le Chien*, *Le Chien*, Monſieur, Monſieur *Le Chien*.)

For knowledge of Modiſh Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour,
I defie any one with two Legs,
But here I am Rivall'd by four:
Diſtracted all Night with my Wrongs,
I cry, Cruel Gods! what d'ye mean!
That what to my Merit belongs,
You beſtow upon Monſieur *Le Chien*!

For Feature, or Niceneſs in Dreſs,
Compare with him ſurely I can;
Nor vainly my ſelf ſhould expreſs,
To ſay, I am much more a Man:
To th' Government firm too as he,
The former I cunningly mean;
And if he Religious can be,
I've as much ſure as Monſieur *Le Chien*.

But what need I publiſh my Parts,
Or idly my Paſſion relate;
Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts,
Reſolves not to alter my Fate:
I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
And make a long Court, *Auſi bien*;
And yet with one Paſſionate Lick,
I'm out-rivall'd by Monſieur *Le Chien*.

A SONG.



BOnny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,
Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have now no pow'r;
Whilſt my Joy, my dear *Peggy*, is gone,
And Wedded quite from me, will Love no more:
My gude Friends that do ken my Grief,
With Song and Story a Cure would find;
But alas! they bring no Relief,
For *Peggy* ſtill runs in my Mind.

When I viſit the Park or Play,
They aw without *Peggy* a Deſart ſeem;
She's before my Eyes aw the day,
And aw the long night too ſhe haunts my Dream:
Sometimes fancing a Heav'n of Charms,
I wake, and rob'd of my dear Delight,
Find ſhe ligs in another's Arms,
Ah! then 'tis ſhe kills me out right.

A SONG.



COme Sweet Laſs,
This bonny Weather,
Let's together;
Come Sweet Laſs,
Let's trip it on the Graſs:
Ev'ry where.
Poor *Jockey* ſeeks his Dear,
And unleſs you appear,
He ſees no Beauty hear.

On our Green,
The Loons are Sporting,
Piping, Courting;
On our Green,
The Blytheſt Lads are ſeen:
There all day,
Our Laſſes Dance and play,
And ev'ry one is gay,
But I, when you're away.

A SONG.



WHy does *Willy* ſhun his Dear?
Why is he never here,
My tender Heart to Chear?
Why, why does *Willy* ſhun his Dear,
And leave his own poor *Jenny* weeping?
Shall I never ſee him more,
But live in Mickle Care,
In ſorrow and deſpair?
Shall I never, never ſee him more,
But in my Dream when I am ſleeping?

Once he ne'er cou'd gang away;
But here the Lad wou'd ſtay,
Still Bonny, Blythe and gay;
Once he ne'er cou'd gang away,
But all the day he wou'd be Sueing;
But when he had got a Boon,
Oh! then the Naughty Loon,
In Mickle haſte was gone;
But when he, when he had got a Boon,
There was an end of *Willy*'s Wooing.

A SONG.



DE'el take the Warr that hurri'd *Willy* from me,
Who to love me juſt had ſworn,
They made him Captain ſure to undoe me,
Woe is me he'll ne'er return;
A thouſand Loons a-broad will Fight him,
He from thouſands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite,
To ſtay ſafe from the Sword and Gun:

I us'd allureing Graces,
With muckle kind Embraces,
Now Sighing, then Crying, Tears dropping fall;
And had he my ſoft Arms,
Preferr'd no Wars alarms,
By Love grown mad, without the Man of Gad
I fear in my fit I had grented all.

I Waſh'd and Patch'd to make me look provoking,
Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men ;
And on my Head a huge Commode ſat Cocking,
Which made me ſhew as tall agen :
For a New Gown too I paid muckle Money,
Which with golden Flowers did ſhine;
My Love well might think me Gay and Bonny,
No *Scotch* Laſs was e'er ſo Fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted,
Fringe too with Thread I Knotted :
Lace Shooes and Silk Hoſe garter full over Knee.
But oh! the fatal thought,
To *Willy* theſe are nought,
Who Rid to Towns and Rifled with Dragoons,
When he ſilly Leon might have Plunder'd me.

A SONG.





THe Bonney grey Ev'd Morn began to peep,
When *Fockey* rowz'd with Love came blithly on,
And I who wi'hing lay depriv'd of ſleep,
Abhorr'd the lazy Hours that ſlow did run;
But muckle were my joys when in my view
I from my window ſpy'd my only dear,
I took the wings of Love and to him flew,
For I had fancy'd all my heav'n was there.

Upon my Boſom *Fockey* laid his Head.
And ſighing told me pretty Tales of Love;
My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he ſaid,
Did Flutter up and down and ſtrangely move.
He ſigh'd, he Kiſs'd my Hand, he vow'd and ſwore,
That I had o'er his Heart a conqueſt gain'd;
Then Bluſhing begg'd that I wou'd grant him more,
Which he, alas! too ſoon, too ſoon obtain'd.

A SONG.





'TWas when the Sheep were Shearing,
And under the Barly Mow;
Dick gave to *Doll* a Fairing,
As She had milk'd her Cow:
Quoth He, I fain wou'd Wed thee;
And tho' I cannot Wooe;
I've Hey Piſh, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for a Boy;
Sing, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now,
Sing, ah! ſhall I come, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now?
I long Sweet-heart to Bed thee,
And merrily Buckle-too;
With Hey Piſh, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for Boy;
Sing, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now,
Sing ah! ſhall I come, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now?

Doll ſeem'd not to regard him,
As if ſhe did not care;
Yet Simper'd when ſhe heard him,
Like any Millers Mare:

And cunningly to prove him,
And Value her Maiden-head,
Cry'd fie, nay Piſh, nay fie, and prithee ſtand by:
For I am too young to Wed;
She ſaid, ſhe ne'er cou'd Love him,
Nor any Man cloſe in Bed.
Then fie Piſh, fie, nay Piſh, nay prithee ſtand by;
For I am too young to Wed.

Like one that's ſtruck with Thunder,
Stood *Dickey* to hear her talk;
All hopes to get her under,
This ſad reſolve did balk,
At laſt he ſwore, grown bolder,
He'd hire ſome common Shrew:
For Hey Piſh, Hey fie, Hey for Boy,
Sing, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now?
In Loving Arms did fold her,
E'er Sneak, and Cringe, and Cry,
With Hey Piſh, Hey fie, Hey for a Boy,
Sing, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now.

Convinc'd of her Coy folly,
And ſtubborn Female will;
Poor *Doll* grew melancholy,
The Griſt went by her Mill;
I hope, ſhe cry'd, you're wiſer,
Thon cradit what I have ſaid:
Tho' I do cry nay fie, and Piſh, and prithee ſtand by,
That I am too young to Wed;
Bring you the Church adviſer,
And dreſs up the Bridal Bed;
Then try, tho' I cry, fie and Piſh, and prithee ſtand by,
If I am too young to Wed.

A SONG.



Jockey was a dawdy Lad,
And *Jemmy* ſwarth and Tawney;
They my Heart no Captive made,
For that was Prize to *Sawney*:
Jockey Woes, and Sighs and Sues,
And *Jemmy* offers Money;
Weel I ſee they both love me,
But I love only *Sawney*.

Jockey high his Voice can raiſe,
And *Jemmy* tunes the Viol;
But when *Sawney* Pipes ſweet Lays,
My Heart kens no denyal:
One he Sings and to'thers Strings;
Tho' ſweet yet only teize me,
Sawney's Flute, can only do't,
And Pipe a Tune to Pleaſe me.

A SONG.



This to be Sung only at the end of the first and last Verſe.



THe Sun was juſt Setting, the Reaping was done;
And over the Common I tript it alone,
Then whom ſhou'd I meet, but young *Dick* of our Town,
Who ſwore e'er I went I ſhou'd have a Green-gown;

He

He preſt me, I ſtumbl'd,
He Puſh'd me I Tumbl'd,
He kiſs'd me I Grumbl'd,
But ſtill he Kiſs'd on;
Then roſe and went from me as ſoon as he'd done.

Theſe 4 lines are only Sung at the end of the 1. and laſt Verſe.

If he be not hamper'd for ſerving me ſo,
May I be worſe Rumpl'd,
Worſe Tumbl'd, and Jumbl'd,
Where ever, where ever I goe.

Before an old Juſtice I Summon'd the ſpark,
And how do you think I was ſerv'd by his Clark;
He pull'd out his Inkhorn, and ask'd me his Fee,
You now ſhall relate the whole buſineſs quoth he.
He preſt me, &c.

The Juſtice then came, and tho' grave was his look,
Seem'd to wiſh I would kiſs him inſtead of the Book;
He whiſper'd his Clark then, and leaving the place,
I was had to his Chamber to open my Caſe.
He preſt me, &c.

I went to our Parſon to make my Complaint,
He look'd like a *Bacchus*, but Preach'd like a Saint;
He ſaid we ſhou'd ſoberly Nature refreſh,
Then Nine times he Urg'd me to Humble the Fleſh.
He preſt me, I ſtumbl'd,
He Puſh'd me, I tumbl'd,
He Kiſt me, I grumbl'd,
But ſtill he Kiſt on,
Then roſe and went from me as ſoon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for ſerving me ſo,
May I be worſe Rumpl'd,
Worſe Tumbl'd, and Jumbl'd
Where ever, where ever I go.

A SONG. on Bartholomew Fair.



BOnny Lads and Damſels,
Your welcome to our Booth;
We're now come here on purpoſe,
Your fancies for to ſooth;
No heavy *Dutch* Performers,
Amongſt us you ſhall find,
We'll make your Lads good humour'd,
And Laſſes very kind:
Your Damſens and Filberds,
You're welcome here to Crack,
But a Glaſs of merry Sack Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.

You

You may range about the Fair,
New Tricks and ſights to ſee;
And when your Legs are weary,
Pray come again to me:
There's Thread-bare *Holoferne*s,
Whom *Judith* long hath ſlain,
With *Guy* of *Warwick*, St *George*,
And *Roſamund's* fair Dame,
You'll find ſome pretty Puppets too,
With many a Nickey Nack,
But a Glaſs of Jolly Sack Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.

The Houſes being low too,
Some Players hithet come;
But if my Stars deceive me not,
They ſoon will know their doom,
There's other petty Strowlers,
That crowd upon us here
That may have Booths to let too,
Before their time I fear.
All theſe may prate and talk much,
Show Tricks and Bounce and Crack,
But here's a Glaſs of Sack Boys,
That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come ſit down then brisk Lads all,
A Bumper to the King;
Old *England* let's remember,
(May Peace and Plenty ſpring.)
Let War no more perplex you,
Your Taxes ſoon will end;
The Souldiers all Disbanded,
And each Man love his Friend.
Be Merry then Carouſe Boys,
See Drawer what 'tis they lack,
And fetch a Bottle neat Boy,
That's Cordial for the Back.

A SONG *on* Bacchus



[Drinking,

SInce there's ſo ſmall difference 'twixt Drowning and
We'll tipple and pray too like Mariners Sinking;
Whilſt they drink Salt-water, we'll Pledge 'em in Wine,
And pay our Devotion at *Bacchus*'s Shrine.
Oh! Bacchus *great* Bacchus *for ever defend us,*
And plentifull Store of good Burgundy *ſend us.*

From cenſuring the State, and what paſſes above,,
From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-Suits and Love;
From medling with Swords, and ſuch dangerous things,
And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings.
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

From Riding a Jade that will ſtart at a Feather,
Or ending a Journey with loſs of much Leather;
From the folly of dying for grief or deſpair,
With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the Air.
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

From

From a Uſure's grige, and from every Man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can;
From the ſcolding of Women, and bite of mad Dogs,
And wandering over wild *Iriſh* Boggs.
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

From Hunger and Thirſt, Empty Bottles and Glaſſes,
From thoſe whoſe Religion conſiſts in Grimaces;
From e'er being cheated by Female decoys,
From humouring old Men, and reaſoning with Boys.
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

From thoſe little troubleſome Inſects and Flyes,
That think themſelves Pretty, or Witty, or Wiſe;
From carrying a Quartan for Mortification,
As long as a *Ratisbon* Conſultation.
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

The Nurſes SONG.



MY dear Cock adodle,
My Jewel, my Joy;
My Darling, my Honey,
My Pretty ſweet Boy:
Before I do Rock thee,
With ſoft Lul-la-by;
Give me thy ſweet Lips,
To be Kiſs, Kiſs, Kiſs, Kiſs, Kiſs, Kiſs.

Thy Charming high For-head,
thy Eyes too like Sloes;
Thy fine Dimple Chin,
And thy right *Roman* Noſe; With

With ſome Pretty marks,
That lie under thy Cloaths
Sure thou'lt be a rare one,
To Kiſs, Kiſs, *&c.*

To make thee grow quickly,
I'll do what I can;
I'll Feed thee, I'll Stroak thee,
I'll make thee a Man:
Ah! then how the Laſſes,
Moll, *Betty* and *Nan*,
By thee will run mad
To be Kiſs, Kiſs, *&c.*

And when in due ſeaſon,
My *Billy* ſhall Wed:
And lead a young Lady,
From Church to the Bed,
A Welfare the looſing,
Of her Maiden-Head,
If *Billy* come near her
To Kiſs, Kiſs, *&c.*

Then Welfare high Fore-head,
And Eyes blak as Sloes;
And Wel-fare the Dimple,
And Welfare the Noſe:
And all pretty marks,
That lie under the Cloaths;
For none is more hopefull
To Kiſs, Kiſs, *&c.*

A SONG.



A SONG.



HOw long muſt Womau wiſh in vain,
A Conſtant Love to find;
No Art can Fickle Man retain,
Or fix a Roving mind:
Thus fondly we our ſelves deceive,
And empty hopes purſue;
Tho' falſe to others we believe,
Thy will to us prove true.

But oh! the Torment to diſcern,
A perjur'd Lover gone;
And yet by ſad experience learn,
That we muſt ſtill Love on:
How ſtrangely are we fool'd by Fate,
Who tread the Maze of Love;
When moſt deſirous to Retreat,
We know not how to move.

A SONG.



LAds and Laſſes Blith and Gay,
Hear what my Song diſcloſes;
As I one morning Sleeping lay,
Upon a bank of Roſes:
Willy ganging out his Gate,
By gude luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
And pulling bonnet from his Pate,
He ſoftly lay down by me.

Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
Yet now I wou'd not know him;
But made a Frown my Face diſguis'd,
And from me ſtrove to throw him:
Fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
Upon my Boſom lying;
His beating heart too thump'd ſo faſt,
I Thought the Loon was dying.

But reſolving to deny,
An Angry Paſſion feigning;
I often roughly puſh'd him by,
With words full of diſdaining:
Willy baulk'd no favour wins,
But went off diſcontented;
But I gude faith for all my Sins,
Ne'er half ſo much repented.

A SONG.



OH Fie! what mean I fooliſh Maid,
In this Remote and Silent ſhade;
To meet with you alone:
My heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your friends then mine;
And both are more your Friends than mine;
Oh! oh! oh! I ſhall, I ſhall, I ſhall be undone,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! I ſhall be undone.

A Savage Beaſt I wou'd not fear,
Or ſhou'd I meet with Villians here,
I to ſome Cave wou'd run:
But ſuch Inchanting Art you ſhow,
I cannot ſtrive I cannot go;
Oh! I ſhall be undone.

Ah! give your ſweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch thoſe dangerous Lips no more;
What muſt we yet fool on?
Ah! now I yeild ah! now I fall,
Ah! now I have no breath at all,
And now I'm quite undone.

A SONG.



RIſe Bonny *Cate* the Sun's got up high,
The Fidlers have play'd their laſt merry Tune;
Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em god b'w'y,
And gang to the Wells before 'tis noon.

There to thy health ize drink my three quarts,
Then raffle among the Beauties divine,
Where tho' ſome young Fops may chance to loſe hearts,
Aſſure thy ſelf *Jocky's* ſhall ſtill be thine.

When we come home we'll kiſs and we'll bill,
And Feaſt on each other as well as our meat
Then ſaddle our Nags and away to Box-hill,
And there, there, there conſummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,
Smile thou, and for loſſes I care not a pin,
I'll puſh on my Fortune at night at the Oak,
And quickly, quickly, quickly recov'r all agen.

For thy diverſion coud'ſt thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,
In ſpite of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, Stateſ-men and Citts,
The men of the Sword, and men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cauſe.

New marry'd Brides their Spouſes to pleaſe,
Each morning quaff largely in hopes to Conceive;
The Bully too drinks to waſh off his Diſeaſe,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old muſty Wives take nine in a hand,
The Maiden takes Five too, that's vext with her Greens;
In hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,
When ever ſhe comes to her Teens.

A SONG.



THo' *Jockey* Su'd me long, he met diſdain;
His Tender ſighs and Tears were ſpent in vain:
Give o'er ſaid I give o'er,
Your ſilly fond Amour,
I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, comply;
At laſt he forc'd a Kiſs,
Which I took not amiſs,
And ſince I've known the bliſs,
I'll ne'er deny.

Then ever when you Court a Laſs that's coy,
Who hears your Love yet ſeems to ſhun its Joy;
If you preſs her to do ſo,
Ne'er mind her no, no, no;
But truſt her eyes,
For coyneſs gives denyal,
When ſhe wiſhes for the Tryal,
Tho' ſhe ſwears you ſhant come nigh all,
I'm ſure ſhe lies.

The Leather Bottle.



NOw God above that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein;
The Ships upon the Seas to Swim,
To keep foes out they come not in:
Now every one doth what he can,
All for the uſe and praiſe of Man,
I wiſh in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That firſt devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now what do you ſay to the Cans of wood?
Faith, they are nought, they cannot be good;
When a man for Beer he doth therein ſend,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
The bearer ſtumbleth by the way,
And on the ground his Liquor doth lay,
Then ſtraight the Man begins to Ban,
And ſwears it 'twas long of the Wooden Can;
But had it been in a Leathern Bottel,
Although he ſtumbled all had been well,
So ſafe therein it would remain
Untill the Man got up again,
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now for the Pots with handles three,
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of me;
When a Man and his Wife do fall at ſtrife,
As many I fear have done in their life,
They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
And break the ſame though they were loth,
Which they ſhall anſwer another day,
For caſting their Liquor ſo vainly away;
But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
The one might have tugg'd the other have held,
They both might have tugg'd till their hearts did ake,
And yet no harm the Bottel would take,
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now what of the Flagons of Silver fine?
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
When a Noble-man he doth them ſend,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
The Man with his Flagon runs quite away,
And never is ſeen again after that day,
Oh then his Lord begins to Ban,
And ſwears he hath loſt both Flagon and Man;
But it ne'er was known that Page or Groom,
But with a Leather Bottle again would come,
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you ſay to theſe Glaſſes fine?
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
When Friends are at a Table ſet,
And by them ſeveral ſorts of Meat;
The one loves Fleſh the other Fiſh,
Among them all remove a Diſh;
Touch but the Glaſs upon the brim,
The Glaſs is b oke no Wine left in;
Then be your Table-Cloath ne'er ſo fine,
There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine.
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall abuſe,
A young Man may his ſervice loſe,
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now

Now when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold;
Out of the ſide you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shooe when worn out;
Or hang the other ſide on a pin,
'Twill ſerve to put many odd trifles in;
As Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,
For young beginners need ſuch things,
I wiſh in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That firſt invented the Leathern Bottel.

The Black Jack, to the foregoing Tune.

'TIs a pitifull thing that now adays, Sirs,
Our Poets turn Leathern Bottle praiſers;
But if a Leathern theme they did lack;
They might better have choſen the bonny Black-Jack;
For when they are both now well worn and decay'd.
For the Jack than the Bottle much more may be ſaid;
And I wiſh his Soul much good may partake,
That firſt devis'd the bonny Black Jack.

And now I will begin to declare,
What the Conveniences of the Jack are;
Firſt when a gang of good fellows do meet,
As oft at a Fair or a Wake you ſhall ſee't,
They reſolve to have ſome merry Carouſes;
And yet to get home in good time to their Houſes;
Then the Bottle it runs as flow as my Rhime,
With Jack they might have all been drunk in good time,
And I wiſh his Soul in peace may dwell,
That firſt devis'd that ſpeedy Veſſel.

And therefore leave of your twitle twattle,
Praiſe the Jack, praiſe no more the Leather Bottle;
For the Man at the Bottle may drink till he burſt,
And yet not handſomely quench his thirſt;

The Maſter hereat maketh great moan,
And doubts his Bottle has a ſpice of the Stone;
But if it had been a generous Jack,
He might have had currently what he did lack.
And I wiſh his Soul in Paradiſe,
That firſt found out that happy device.

Be your Liquor ſmall or thick as Mud,
The cheating Bottle that cries good, good;
Then the Maſter again begins to ſtorm,
Becauſe it ſaid more than it could perform;
But if it had been in an honeſt black Jack,
It would have prov'd better to ſight ſmell and ſmack,
And I wiſh his Soul in Heaven may reſt,
That added a Jack *to* Bacchus *his Feaſt.*

No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle or Jugg,
Is half ſo fit or ſo well can hold tugg;
For when a Man and his Wife play at thwack's,
There's nothings ſo good as a pair of black Jacks,
Thus to it they go, they ſwear and they curſe,
It makes them both better the Jacks ne'er the worſe;
For they might have bang'd both till their hearts did ake,
And yet no hurt the Jacks could take,
And I wiſh his Heirs may have a Perſion,
That firſt produc'd that lucky invention.

SOCRATES and *ARISTOTLE*,
Suckt no wit from a Leather Bottle;
For ſurely I think a man as ſoon may,
Find a Needle in a bottle of hay;
But if the Black Jack a Man often toſs over,
'Twill make him as drunk as any Philoſopher;
When he that makes Jacks from a Peck to a quart,
Conjures not, though he lives by the black Art.
And I wiſh his Soul, &c.

Beſides my good Friend let me tell you, that Fellow,
That fram'd the Bottle, his brains were but ſhallow;

The

The caſe is ſo clear I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a nearer and deeper invention,
When the Bottle is cleaned the dregs fly about;
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out;
But if in a Cannon bore Jack it had been,
From the top to the bottom all might have been clean;
And I wiſh his Soul no comfort may lack,
That firſt deviſ'd the bouncing black Jack.

Your Leather Bottle is us'd by no man,
That is a hairs Breadth above a Plow-man;
Then let us gang to the *Hercules*-Pillars,
And there viſit thoſe gallant Jack ſwillers;
In theſe ſmall, ſtrong, ſour, mild, ſtale,
They drink Orange, Lemon and Lambeth Ale:
The Chief of Heraulds there allows,
The Jack to be of the ancienter houſe.
And may his ſucceſſors never want Sack,
That firſt deviſ'd the long Leather Jack.

Then for the Bottle you cannot well fill it,
Without a tunel but that you muſt ſpil it;
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
'Tis not ſo with a Jack, for it runs like a ſpout;
Then burn your Bottle, what good is in it;
One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it,
But if it had been in a jolly black Jack,
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good Tack,
And I wiſh his Soul, &c.

He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a ſpark
That were juſt ready cockt to ſhoot at a Mark;
When the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,
Makes a man look with a great bottle noſe;
All wiſe men conclude, that a Jack new or old,
Though beginning to leak is however worth gold;
For when the poor man on the way does trudge it,
His worn out Jack ſerves him well for a budget;
And I wiſh his Heirs may never lack Sack,
That firſt contrived the Leather Black Jack.

When Bottle and Jack ſtand together, fie on't
The Bottle looks juſt like a Dwarf to Giant;
Then have we not reaſon the Jack for to chuſe,
For they can make Boots when the Bottle mends Shoos;
For add but to every Jack a foot,
And every Jack, becomes a Boot;
Then give me my Jack, there's a reaſon why,
They have kept us wet and the'll beep us dry;
I now ſhall ceaſe but as I'm an honeſt man,
The Jack deſerves to be called Sir JOHN;
And may they ne'er want for Belly nor Back,
That keep up the Trade of the bonny black Jack.

A SONG.



Jenney, my blitheſt maid,
Prethee liſten to my true Love now;
I am a canny Lad,
Gang along with me to yonder Brow:
Aw the Boughs ſhall ſhade us round,
While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
How the Lad the Laſs may woo,
Come and I'll ſhew my *Jenny* what to do.

I

I ken full many a thing,
I can dance, and I can whiſtle too;
I many a Song can ſing,
Pitch the Bar, and run, and wraſtle too:
Bonny *Meg* of our Town,
Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
Only *Jenny* 'twas could win,
Jockey from aw the Laſſes of the Green.

Then lig thee down my Bearn
Ize not ſpoil thy gawdy ſhining Geer;
I'll make a Bed of Fern,
And I'll gently preſs my *Jenny* there.
Let me lift thy Petticoat,
And thy Kercher that too hides thy Boſom;
Shew thy naked Beauty's ſtore,
Jenny alone's the Laſs that I adore.

SONG, Sung by a Fop *newly come from* France.



AH *Phyllis*! why are you leſs *tendre*,
To my deſpairing *Amour*!
Your Heart you have promis'd to *Tendre*,
Do not deny the *Retour*:
My Paſſion I cannot *defendre*,
No, no, Torments encreaſe *tous les Jour*.

To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,
Can you expect my *Devoir*,
Since *Phyllis* is grown *infidelle*,
And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir*!
Thoſe Eyes which were once *agreeable*,
Now, now, are Fountains of black *Des eſpoire*.

Adieu to my falſe *Eſperance*,
Adieu *les Plaiſirs des beaux Jours*;
My *Phyllis* appears at *diſtance*,
And ſlights my unfeigned *Efforts*:
To return to her Vows *impoſſible*,
No, no, adieu To the Cheats of *Amours*.

A SONG.



TELL me, ye Gods, why do you prove,
So cruel, ſo ſevere;
To make me burn in flames of Love,
Then throw me in deſpair?
Tell me, what Pleaſure do you find,
To forck tormenting Fate;
To make my *Sylvia* firſt ſeem kind,
Then vow perpetual Hate?

Once

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inſpire,
With her bewitching Eyes;
Oft with a Kiſs ſhe'd fan that Fire,
Which from her Charms ariſe:
With her Diviner Looks ſhe'd bleſs,
And with her ſmiles revive;
When ſhe was kind who could expreſs
The Extaſie of Life.

But now I read my fatal Doom,
All hopes now diſappear;
Smiles are converted to a Frown,
And vows neglected are:
No more kind Looks ſhe will impart,
No longer will endure
The tender Paſſion of my heart,
Which none but ſhe can cure.

Ah! cruel, falſe, perfidious Maid!
Are theſe Rewards of Love?
When you have thus my heart betray'd,
Will you then faithleſs prove?
'Tis pity ſuch an Angels Face,
Shou'd ſo much perjur'd be;
And blaſt each captivating Grace,
By being falſe to me.

Return, return, e'er 'tis to late,
The God of Love appeaſe;
Leſt you too ſoon do meet your Fate,
And fall a ſacrifice:
Deſpiſe not then a proffer'd Heart,
But mighty Love obey;
For Age will ruine all your Art
And Beauty will decay.

A SONG.



WHen firſt *Amyntas* ſu'd for Kiſs,
My innocent Heart was tender;
That tho' I puſh'd him away from the Bliſs,
My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won;
I fain an artful Coyneſs wou'd uſe,
Before I the Fort did ſurrender:
Fut Love wou'd ſuffer no more ſuch Abuſe,
And ſoon, alas! my cheat was known.
He'd ſit all day, and laugh and play,
A thouſand pretty things wou'd ſay;
My Hand he'd ſqueeze, and preſs my Knees,
Till farther on he got by degrees.

My

My Heart, juſt like a Veſſel at ſea,
Wou'd toſs when *Amyntas* was near me;
But ah! ſo cunning a Pilot was he!
Through Doubts and Fears he'd ſtill Sayl on:
I though in him no danger cou'd be,
Too wiſely he knows how to ſteer me;
And ſoon, alas! was brought to agree,
So waſt of Joys before unknown,
Well might he boaſt his Pain not loſt,
For ſoon he found the Golden Coaſt;
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the Shore;
Where never Merchant went befere.

A SONG.



SIt thee down by me, mine own Joy,
Thou'z quite kill me, ſhould'ſt thou prove coy:
Should'ſt thou prove Coy and not Love me,
Oh! where ſhould I find out ſike a yan as thee.

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:
Oft have I ſought, but ne'er could find,
Sike Beauty as thine, couldſt thou prove kind.

Thouz

Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyn,
With ſilver Shoon thy Feet ſall ſhoyn:
With foyn'ſt Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown.
Thy pink Petty-Coat ſall be laced down.

Weez yearly gang to the Brook ſide,
And Fiſhes catch as they do glayd:
Each Fiſh thyn Priſoner then ſall be,
Thouz catch at them, and I'ze catch at thee.

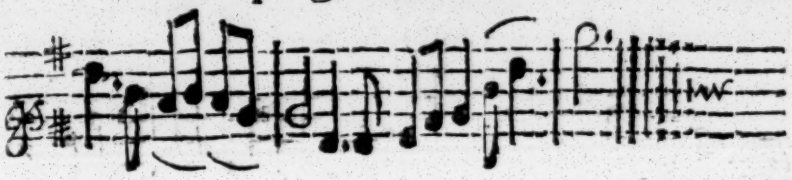
What mun we do when Scrip is fro?
Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
And there weez fray and eat the Fiſh;
But 'tis thy Fleſh makes the beſt diſh.

Ize Kiſs thy cherry Lips, and praiſe
Aw the ſweet features of thy Face;
Thy Fore-head ſo ſmooth, and lofty both riſe,
Thy ſoft ruddy Cheeks and pratty black Fyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold Night,
Thouz want nothing for thy delight:
Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
And ſure Ize have ſomething that ſall pleaſe thee.

A SONG.





IN *January* laſt, on *Munnonday* at morn,
As I along the Fields did paſs to view the Winters [Corn;
I leaked me behind, and I ſaw come O'er the Knough,
Yan glenting in an Apron with bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud morrow, fair Maid, and ſhe right courteouſlie,
Bekt lew and fine, kind Sir, ſhe ſaid, gud day agen to ye;
I ſpear'd o her, fair Maid, quo I, how far intend you now?
Quo ſhe, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to ha ſik company,
For I am ganging out the Gate ya intend ta be:
When we had walkt a Mile or twa, Ize ſaid to her, my [Doe,
May I not dight your Apron fine, kiſs your bonny brow.

Nea, gud ſir, you are far miſteen, fer I am nean othoſe;
I hope ya ha more breeding than to dight a womans [cloths:
For I've a better choſen than ſike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiſs ma bonny [brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to ſay,
Rather than be rejected, I will give o're the play:
And I will choſe yen o me own that ſhall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiſs her bonny brow.

Sor, Ize ſee ya are proud hearted and leath to be ſaid nay,
You need not tall ha ſtarted, for eight that Iz ded ſay:
You knaw Wemun for modeſtie, ne at the firſt time boo;
But, gif we like your company, we are as kind as you.

A SONG.



BOnny Laſs gin thou wert mine,
And twenty thouſand Pounds about thee;
I'd ſcorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,
To lay thee down on any Green,
And ſhew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.
I'd ſcorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,
To lay thee down on any Green,
And ſhew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.

Bonny Lad, gin thou wert mine,
And twenty thouſand Lords about thee;
I'd leave them aw to kiſs thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green,
To ſhew me how my Daddy gat me
I'd leave them, &c.

A SONG.



THE bright *Laurinda*, whoſe hard fate,
It was to Love a Swain,
Ill-natur'd, faithleſs, and ingrate,
Grew weary of her pain:
Long, long, alas! ſhe vainly ſtrove,
To free her Captiue Heart from Love;
'Till urg'd to much by his Diſdain,
She broke at laſt the ſtrong-link'd Chain,
And vow'd ſhe ne'er would love again.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring,
To no ſoft Tole would lend an Ear,
But careleſs ſit and ſing:
Or if a moving Story wrought
Her frozen Breaſt to a kind thought,
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!
Amyntor thus his Story told,
Once burn'd as much as now he's cold.

Long thus ſhe kept her Liberty,
And by her all-conquering Eyes,
A thouſand Youths did daily die,
Her Beauties Sacrifice:
'Till Love at laſt young *Cleon* brought,
The object of each Virgin's thought,
Whoſe ſtrange reſiſtleſs Charms did move,
They made her burn and rage with Love,
And made her bleſt as thoſe above.

A SONG.



AH *Jenny* gin your Eyes do kill,
You'll let me tell my pain;
Gud Faith, I lov'd againſt my will,
Yet wad not break my Chain:
Ize once was call'd a bonny Lad,
'Till that fair Face of yours,
Betray'd the Freedom once I had,
And all my blither hours.

And

And now wey's me, like Winter looks,
My faded ſhow'ring Eyn;
And on the Banks of ſhaded Brooks,
I paſs my wearied time:
Ize call the Streams that glideth on
To witneſs, if they ſee,
On all the brink they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.

A SONG.



THere was a Jovial Begger,
He had a wooden Leg;
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg:
And a begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a begging we will go.

A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches,
To ſhew that he can halt,
And a begging, &c.

A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his ſide,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, &c.

To

To *Pimblico* we'll go,
  Where we ſhall merry be;
With ev'ry man with a can in's hand,
  And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, &c.

And when we are diſpos'd
  To tumble on the Graſs,
We'ave a long patch'd Coat,
  To hide a pretty laſs.
And a begging, &c.

Seven years I begg'd
  For my old Maſter *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
  When I was a Child.
And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Maſter,
  And got him ſtore of pelf;
But *Jove* now be praiſed,
  I now beg for my ſelf.
And a begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree
  I live, and pay no rent;
Providence provides for me,
  And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,
  A Beggar lives the beſt;
For when he is a weary,
  He'll lie him down and reſt.
And a begging, &c.

I fear no plots againſt me,
  I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
  When the Beggars live ſo well.
And a begging, &c.

A SONG.



TELL me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart ſurrender;
Faith and Troth I love thee ſoundly
'Twas I that was the firſt pretender.
Ne'er ſay nay, nor delay,
Here's my Heart and here's my Hand too;
All that's mine, ſhall be thine,
Body and Goods at thy command too.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fye! I think the Devil's in you,
To kiſs a Body ſo as you do!
What d'ye? let me go,
I cant abide ſuch fooliſh doing;
Get you gone you naughty Man
Fye is this your way of Wooing.

A SONG.



I Often for my *Joany* ſtrove,
Ey'd her, try'd her, yet cant prove,
So lucky to find her pity move,
Ize have no reward for Love:
If you wou'd but think on me,
And now forſake your Cruelty;
Ize for ever ſhou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be;
Joyn'd with none but only thee.

When firſt I ſaw thy lovely Charms,
I kiſs'd thee, wiſh'd thee, in my Arms:
I often vow'd, and did proteſt,
'Tis *Joan* alone, that I love beſt:
Ize have gotten Twenty pounds,
My Fathers Houſe, and all his grounds,
And for ever ſhou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
Joyn'd with none but only thee.

A SONG.



TELL me no more, no more I am deceiv'd,
That *Cloe's* falſe, that *Cloe's* falſe and common:
By Heav'n I all along believ'd
She was, ſhe was, a very, very Woman.
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſt,
She ſtill, She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſt:
She cou'd, ſhe cou'd, ſhe cou'd, ſhe could,
Do more for no man.

But oh! but oh her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think, and that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps ſhe fancy'd you the Man.
Why what care I, why what care I one Farthing.
You ſay ſhe's falſe I'm ſure ſhe's kind,
I'll take, I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
Who, who has the better bargain?

A SONG.



AT *London* che've bin,
At *London* che've bin,
And che've ſeen the King and the Queen *a*;
Che've ſeen Lords, and Earls,
And roaring fine Girls,
Turn'd up their Tails at fifteen *a*;

Che've ſeen the Lord Mayor,
And Bartoldom-Fair;
And there che met with the *Draggon*,
That *St. George* that bold Knight,
Fought and killed out-right,
Whilſt a Man could toſs off a Flaggon.

From thence as I went,
To ſeeth' Monument;
I met with a Girl in Cheapſide *a*;
That for half a Crown,
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
And ſhew'd me how far ſhe could ſtride *a*;

A SONG.



THen Beauteous Nymph look from above,
And ſee me here below : [window,
See how that mighty Tyrant Love draggs me to your
Draggs me to your window :
Let not your Heart then hardned be,
Since you my love have got;
For I'm a Knight of high degree,
And dye upon the ſpot.

To morrow then let us be Wed,
At hours Cannonical ;
That I may ſay when I have ſped,
My heart is free from Thrall :
Oh think then what thy Joy will be,
When I am in thy Arms;
That thou mayſt have the liberty
To Riſle all my Charms.

Scotch SONG.



WAa is me w n I do,
Drinkin s I may rue,
Since my Heart so harm befel
Wouuded by a b at *Epsom-Well*;
Ize have been a Fair,
Seen the char re;
But aw *Scotl* faith, defye
Sike a Lip to ely rowling Eye.

Fennyes

Jennyes Skin was white, her Fingers ſmall;
Moggy, ſhe was ſlender, ſtraight and tall;
But my Love here bears away the Bell from all;
For her I ſigh, for her I die in a wild deſpair;
Never Man in Woman took ſuch Joy,
Never Woman was to Man ſo coy;
She'll not be my Honey for my Love or Money:
Well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.

The Old and New Courtier.



With an Old Song made by an Old Ancient pate,
Of an old worſhipful Gentleman who had a great Eſtate:
Who kept an Old houſe at a bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's

With an Old Lady whoſe anger good words, aſſwages
Who every quarter pays her old Servants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to Coachman, Footmen and Pages;
But kept twenty or thirty old Fellows with blue-coats and badges.
Like an Old Courtier, &c.

With a Study fill'd full of Learned books,
With an old Reverend Parſon, you may judge him by his looks,
With an old Buttery hatch worn quit off the old hooks,
And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old Cooks;
Like an Old. &c.

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes [and Bows,
With old Swords and bucklers, which hath born many [shrew'd blows,
And an old Fryſadoe coat to cover his worſhips trunk hoſe
And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Noſe;
Like an Old, &c.

With an old Faſhion when *Chriſtmas* is come,
To call in his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Drum,
And good chear enough to furniſh every old Room,
And old liquor able to make a cat ſpeak, and a wiſe man dumb;
Like an Old, &c.

With an old Hunts-man, a Falconer and a Kennel of [Hounds,
Which never Hunted, nor Hawked, but in his own [Grounds:
Who like an old Wiſe-man kept himſelf within his own [bounds,
And when he died gave every Child a thouſand old [pounds;
Like an Old, &c.

But to his eldeſt Son, his houſe and land he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his Will to keep the [same of] untiful [mind,
To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours kind,
But in the enſuing Ditty, you ſhall hear how he was [enclin'd;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Lik a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a Brace of Creatures at's own command,
And takes up a thouſand pounds upon's own Bond,
And [illegible] in a new Tavern, till he can neither go [nor ſtand;
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a neat Lady that is freſh and fair, [or care,
Who never knew what belong'd to good houſe keeping
But

But buys ſeveral Fans to play with the wanton air,
And ſeventeen or eighteen dreſſings of other womens hair
Like a young, &c.

With a new Hall built were the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burned neither coal, nor wood,
And a new Shuffle-board-table where never meat ſtood,
Hung round with Pictures which doth the poor little good;
Like a young, &c.

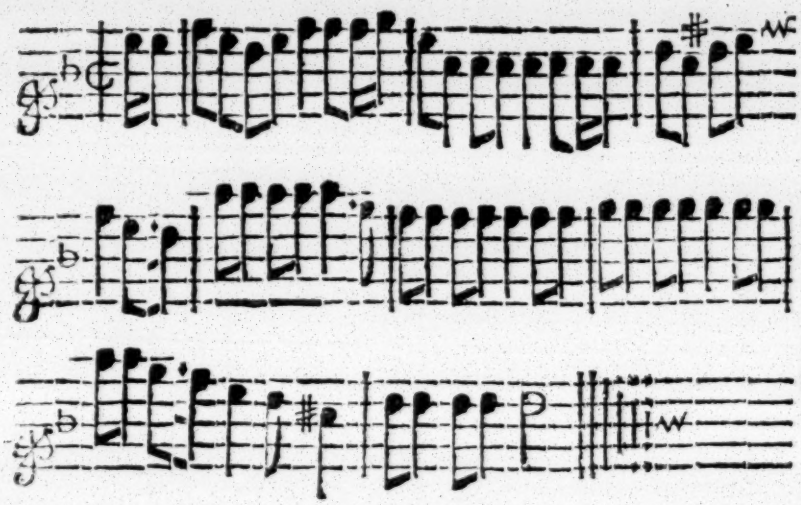
With a new Study ſtuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain, that ſwears faſter than he prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five days,
With a new *French-Cook* to make Kickſhaws and Toyes;
Like young, &c.

With a new faſhion when *Chriſtmas* is come,
With a journey up to *London* we muſt be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a ſtone,
Like a young, &c.

With a Gentleman-Uſher whoſe carriage is compleat,
With a Footman, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whoſe dreſſing is very neat
Who when the Maſter has din'd gives the ſervants little meat;
Like a young, &c.

With a new honour bought with his Fathers Old Gold.
That many of his Father's Old Manours hath ſold,
And this is the occaſion that moſt men do hold,
That good Houſe-keeping is now days grown ſo cold;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Bacchus's *Health*: *To be Sung by all the Company together, with Directions to be Observed.*
First Man ſtands up with a Glaſs in's hand and Sings



HEre's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,
Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,
Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*;
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us, *I--ho*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*,

**At this Star they all bow to each other, and ſit down.*
† *At this Dagger all the Company beckens to the Drawer.*

* Come ſit ye down together,
Come ſit ye down together,
Come ſit ye down together, *I--ho*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*;
And † bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither, *I--ho*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*.

* *At*

* *At this Star the first Man drinks his Glass while all the other Sing and point at him.*

† *At this Dagger they all sit down, clapping their next Man on the Shoulder.*

It goes into the * *Cranium*,
It goes into the *Cranium*,
It goes into the *Cranium*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*;
And † thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion, *I--ho*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*.

Then the 2d. Man takes his Glass, all the Company Singing Here's a Health, *&c. so round.*

SONG, to the forgoing Tune.

THere was a bonny blade,
Had marry'd a Country Maid;
And safely conducted her home, home, home,
She was neat in ev'ry part,
And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the day,
And brisk as the May:
And as round, and as plump as a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb,
But still the silly Swain,
Could do nothing but complain,
Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could Brew and she could Bake,
She could Sow and she could make;
She could Sweep the house with a Broom, Broom, Broom,
She could Wash and she could wring,
She could do any kind of thing,
But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he went,
For to give himſelf content;
And to cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum,
O! tis the eaſieſt part,
That belongs unto my Art,
For to make a Woman ſpeak that is dumb, dumb, dumb,

To the Dr. he did her bring,
And he cut her chattering ſtring;
And at liberty he ſet her Tongue, her Tongue, her [Tongue,

Her Tongue began to walk,
And ſhe began to talk,
As tho ſhe had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her Faculty ſhe tries,
And ſhe fill'd the houſe with noiſe;
And ſhe rattl'd in his ears like a drum, drum, drum,
She bred a deal of ſtrife,
Made him weary of his life,
He'd give any thing again ſhe was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he goes,
And thus he vents his Woes;
Oh! Dr you've me undone, undone, undone,
For my Wife ſhe's turn'd a Scold,
And her Tongue can never hold,
I'd give any kind of thing ſhe was dumb, dumb, dumb,

When I did undertake,
To make thy Wife to ſpeak;
It was a thing eaſily done, done, done,
But 'tis paſt the Art of man
Let him do what e'er he can,
For to make a ſcolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue, [Tongue.

The West-Countryman's *Song on a Wedding.*



Ods hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing, not I, Sir,
Becauſe I hear there's ſuch brave doing hard by, Sir;
Thomas the Minſtrel he's gon twinkling before, Sir,
And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir;
Who the Rat can mind either Bayard or Ball, Sir,
Or any thing at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking I'th' [Hall, Sir?
E'gad not I! Let Maſter fret it and ſtorm it I am [reſolv'd?
I'm ſure there can be no harm in't
Who would loſe the zight of the Laſſes and Pages,
And pretty little *Sue* ſo true, when ſhe ever engages;
E'gad not I, I'd rather loſe all my Wages.

There's my Lord has got the curious'ſt Daughter,
Look but on her, ſhe'll make the Chops on ye water;
This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
Some to veed her, ſome to dreſs her and clout her:
Uds-bud ſhe's grown the veateſt, the neateſt the ſweeteſt
The pretty littl'ſt Rogue, and all Men do zay the diſcreet-
[eſt.
There's ne'er a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,
But muſt give place zince Mrs. *Betty*'s creation;
She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to pleaſe ye,
Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and eaſie,
That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
If *London* Town can e'er zend down zuch another.

Next my Lady in all her gallant Apparel,
Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel;
There's zuch Drink the ſtrongeſt head cannot bear it,
'Twill make a vool of Zack, or White-wine, or Claret;
And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows,
May tipple off their Cups, untill they lie down on their
[Pillows.
Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't ſtand ſcratching thy
[head zo,
For thither I'll go, Cods-woons, becauſe I have ſaid ſo.

A SONG.





JOcky was as brisk and blith a Lad,
As ever did pretend to love a Maiden-true:
But I fear that I ſhall dye a Maid,
And never taſt the joys of love as others doe,
When the Wars alarms,
Call'd him forth to Arms,
And the Trumpets ſound,
Made the ſhores rebound.

All that ever I cou'd ſay to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here:
And till he returns I never ſhall give over,
Mourning for the abſence of my Dear.
To arms, to arms, he cry'd,
To Love I ſtrait reply'd;
But in I vain ſtrove,
To perſwade my Love.

Love can ne'er contend, when Glory is a Rival,
Or I wou'd have kept my Swain from harms;
But he thought that he in Glory ſhou'd ſurvive all,
When by Honour he was call'd to arms:
To arms, to arms he cry'd,
To Love I ſtrait reply'd;
But in vain I ſtrove.
To perſuade my Love.

All that ever I cou'd ſay to keep my Lover,
Was to little to confine him here:
And till he returns I never ſhall give over,
Mouning for the abſence of my Dear.

A SONG.



YOu mad caps of *England* who merry wou'd make,
And for your brave Valour wou'd pains undertake;
Come over for *Flanders*, and there you ſhall ſee,
How merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys;
Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys,
Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys drink, boys drink.

If you have been a Citizen broke by miſchance,
And wou'd by your Courage your credit advance;
Here's ſtuff to be won by ventring your life,
So you leave at home a good friend by your Wife;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Ware Horns, ware Horns,
Sing tanta ra, &c. Ware Horns.

But if upon Wenches you have ſpent all your means,
And ſtill your mind runs upon Whores and Queans;
Here's Wenches enow that with you will go,
From Leaguer to Leaguer in ſpight of your Foe;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all, Whores all,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all.

As

As ſoon as you come to your Enemies land,
Where fat Gooſe and Capon you have at command;
Sing take them, or Eat them, or let them alone,
Sing go out and fetch them, or elſe you get none;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c, Make ſhift, make ſhift,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make ſhift.

Your Serjeants and Officers are very kind,
If that you can flatter and ſpeak to their mind:
They will free you from Duty and all other trouble,
Your Money being gone your Duty comes double;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard caſe, hard caſe,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard caſe.

And when you break an Arm or a Leg,
You ſhall have your Paſs through the Country to Beg;
Your Officer promiſes you ſome other pay,
But the Soldier never gets it, no not till Dooms-day;
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. Long time, long time,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Long time.

At laſt when you come to your Enemies Walls,
Where many a brave Gallant and Gentleman falls,
And when you have done the beſt that you can,
Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Man;
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. That's all, that's all,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. That's all.

A SONG.





HEr Eyes are like the Morning bright,
Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
Her Cheeks like Roſes fair;
Her Breaſts like water'd Lillies white,
Her Breaſts like water'd Lilles white;
Like Silk her flowing Hair;
Her Breaſts like water'd Lillies white,
Her Breaſts like water'd Lillies white;
Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as ſweet as Odors blown,
By *Zephyrus* o'er the Vales:
Her Skin's as fine and ſoft as Down,
Her Voice like Nightingale's.

Where e'er She breaths where e'er She Sings,
How happy are the Groves:
How bleſt! how much more bleſt than Kings,
The Shepherds that She loves.

With gentle ſteps let's beat the ground,
In Gladſom Couples joyn'd,
For Joy that your *Dorinda's* found,
And ev'ry Lover kind.

W. N. H. 8/6 Book! HARDING

A SONG.



MAke your Honour *Miſs*, tholl loll loll,
Now to me, Child, tholl loll loll.
Aiery and eaſie now, tholl loll loll,
Very well done *Miſs*, tholl loll loll.
Raiſe up your Body, Child, tholl loll,
Then you, in time, will riſe: hoh, tholl, la.

Hold up your head *Miſs*, tholl loll loll,
Wipe your Noſe, Child, tholl loll,
When I preſs on ye, tholl loll loll,
Fall back eaſie *Miſs*, tholl loll loll,
Keep out your toes too, tholl loll loll,
Then you'll learn preſently, hoh, tholl la.

Bear your hips Swimmingly, tholl loll loll,
Keep your Eyes languiſhing, tholl loll loll,
Zoons where's your Ears now? tholl loll loll,
Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll loll,
Keep your knees open, tholl loll loll,
Elſe you will never do, hoh, tholl la.

If you will love me *Miſs*, tholl loll loll loll,
You ſhall Dance rarely Child, tholl loll loll,
You are a Fortune *Miſs*. tholl loll loll,
And muſt be Married Child, tholl loll loll,
Give me your Money *Miſs*, tholl loll loll,
Then I will give you my, hoh, tholl la.

A SONG.



ROyal and fair, great *Willy's* dear Bleſſing,
The Charging Regent of the Swains;
Heavy with Care, thus ſadly Expreſſing,
Her grief, ſat weeping on the Plains:
Why did my Fate Exalt me ſo high,
If fading State muſt deprive me of Joy?
Since *Willy* is gone,
An! How vainly ſhines the Sun,
'Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
Waft, waft him to me.

Large

Large are my Flocks, and flowry my Paſtures,
Worth Treaſures vaſt of Silver and Gold;
Where Ravenous Wolves too fain would be Maſters,
Devour all my Lambs, and break down my fold:
Willy while here, ſecur'd me from fear,
All the *Wild* Herd ſtood in awe of my Dear;
But poor helpleſs I,
Mourning Sigh, and hourly cry,
Let Fates decree, the Winds and the Sea,
Waft *Willy* to me.

A SONG.





'TWAS early one morning, the Cock had juſt Crow'd;
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;
My holyday Clothes on, and face newly Mow'd,
With a heydown, hoe down, drink your brown Berry;
The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet ſo Red,
For the Son was juſt then getting out, of his Bed,
When *Tereſa* and I went to Church to be ſped,
With a hey ding hoe ding, ſhall I come to Wooe thee;
Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry ding,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtridown derry.

Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print;
Sing hey ding, &c.
And her ſmall Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,
With a hey down, &c.
Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,
And her Teeth that were uſeleſs, for biting h[illegible] humbs,
Had late, like ill Tenants, forſaken her Gums;
With a hey ding hoe ding, &c.

But when night came on, and we both were a bed?
Sing hey ding, &c.
Such ſtrange things were done, there's no more to be ſaid,
With a hey down, &c.
Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown;
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
And ſo we roſe up, the ſame Fools we lay down;
With a hey ding hoe ding, &c.

A SONG.



DEar Pinckaninny, if half a Guinny,
To Love will win ye,
I lay it here down,
We muſt be Thrifty;
'Twill ſerve to ſhift ye,
And I know fifty,
Will do't for a Crown.
Dunns come ſo boldly,
King's Money ſo ſlowly
That by all things holy,
'Tis all I can ſay,
Yet I'm ſo rapt in,
The ſnare that I'm Trapt in,
As I'm true Captain,
Give more than my Pay.

Good Captain Thunder,
Go mind your Plunder,
Od-zounds I wonder,
You dare be ſo bold,

Thus

Thus to be making,
A Treaty ſo ſneaking,
Or dream of taking,
My Fort with ſmall Gold,

Other Town Miſſes,
May gape at Ten peices,
But who me poſſeſſes,
Full twenty ſhall pay,
To all Poor Rogues in Buff,
Thus thus I ſtrut and huff,
So Captain kick and cuff,
March on your way.

A Dialogue between Mr. Leveridge *and* Mr. Edwards *repreſenting two Country Boors.*





Coridon.

WElfare Trumpets Drums and Battling too,
Collin lay, lay down thy Spade;
And never more follow *Adam*'s old Trade,
But come on to the War,
Where Swords and Guns are,
Rattling now whilſt we,
March with *Hautboys* merrily,
Free hunters of Honour,
Thou'rt ſlave to the pride,
Of ſome Boar of a Mannour.

Collin.

Well, what then? Much better?
Is brown bread and Water;
With Bacon that's Ruſty,
And Beef tho' 'tis damnable Muſty;
In courſe wooden Platters,
And Cook'd up by our Country ſluts,
Then Slaſhes and Bruiſes,
And holes made by Fuzees,
Or feeding on Fame,
When I'm Crippl'd or Lame;
Or ſent packing with a broad Sword thro' my Guts.
Zoons with a broad ſword thro' my Guts. *Cori-*

Coridon.

Dull fool rail no more at Caveleering,
What a damn'd ſcandal it is,
To ſneak here at home,
Grow mouldy with peace,
When loud Fame calls thee out.

Collin.

I fear my Commiſſion,
Will prove but a Viſion,
For when I am poſted,
On Mines where I'm like to be Roaſted,
'Tis forty to one but I'm puff'd from my future Com-
[mand.

Coridon,

Where bold Dragoons are domineering,
Thou'lt ſee Fortune ready to befriend thee,
If thou art wounded,
For honour and Valour,
Preferment's propounded.

Collin.

Or if with much Toyling,
I chance to ſcape Broyling,
A damn'd bit of lead,
Drills me quite through the Head.
How the Divel then ſhall I kiſs the Kings hand,
Zoons how ſhall I kiſs the Kings hand.

To the 2d. *Part of the Tune.*

Coridon.

From Bullets and fire,
Tho' oft we retire,
Our wiſhes we crown,
When we enter a Town,
That is Rich where the Laſſes are kind,
And the Plunder's refreſhing and cool.

Collin

Collin.

But what if foul weather,
Won't let us come thither,
The Trench full of Water,
Then is it not better,
Lie ſafe at home and our Plowjobbers rule.

Coridon.

Gad zooks you're a cowardly fool.

A SONG.



GReat *Alexanders* Horſe,
Bucephalus by Name;
That long has been Enrolled,
Within the Books of Fame:
But Sir *Creduleus Eaſy*'s Mare,
So far did him excel;
She neer run for the plate,
But ſhe bore away the bell:
With a Nighy, Wheeghy, Yeopoop a,
Full Caper and Career;
All England *cannot ſhew you,*
Sike another Mare,

And

And to *Brentford* ſhe did come,
And an Ale-houſe ſhe did find;
She could not paſs it by,
But ſhe knew her Maſters mind:
And as he called for a pot,
She would be, wou'd be ſure of twain;
Which made her ſuch a ſort,
She ne'er could run again.
With a Nigh, &c.

Since laſt I ſaw her face,
I heard report is ſpread;
With drinking in that place,
This bonny Mare is dead:
And the laſt words ſhe did ſay,
As ſhe came down the hill,
Was ah! that bowl had broke her heart,
And ſo ſhe made her Will,
With a Nigh, &c.

Her fore Hoof ſhe bequeath'd
To ſome Religious fool;
Who after her untimely death,
Begs Pardon for her Soul:
And her hinder hoof with which,
She play'd full many a trick,
She gave to thoſe curs'd Wives,
That againſt their Husbands kick.
With a Nigh, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,
Her Maſter wept full ſore;
Becauſe it was reported.
He ne'er ſhou'd ſee her more:
But that which Comforted him,
For his departed Friend,
Was after all his great loſs,
She made ſo good an end.
With a Nigh, &c.

A SONG.

Harp.



OF Noble Race was *Shinking*,
The Line of *Owen Tudor*,
Thum, thum, thum, thum,
But her renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel Love perſu'd her.

Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright ſhining,
And Lilly Breaſts alluring;
Poor *Jenkins* heart with fatal Dart,
Have wounded paſt all curing.

Her was the prettyeſt Fellow
At Football or at Cricket;
At hunting Chace, or nimble Race,
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan her Cheeks too;
Her heart ſo akes, her quite forſakes
Her Herrings and her Leeks too.

No more muſt dear Metheglin,
Be top'd at good *Mongomery*;
And if Love ſore ſmart one week more,
Adieu Cream-Cheeſe and Flomery

A SONG.



If Loves a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment,
If a bitter, oh tell me, whence comes my content?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I preſs her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by Paſſionate ſilence I make my Love known;
But Oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake, to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe returns all her flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Name.

A

A SONG.



COme if you dare, our Trumpets ſound;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come, [Drum
Says the double,(double, double) Beat of the Thundering
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again;
The Gods from above the mad labour behold,
And Pity Mankind that will periſh for Gold.

The Fainting *Saxons* quit their Ground,
Their Trumpets Languiſh in the Sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the Bold *Britons* cry.
Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Laſſes like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquiſht Invaders.

A SONG.



HOw bleſt are Shepherds, how happy their Laſſes,
While Drums and Trumpets are ſounding Alarms!
Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storms paſſes;
And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing;
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying,
All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of *Britain*, with Graces attended,
Let not your Days without Pleaſure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praiſe you, but none will deſire.
Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;
Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
Let not Youth, &c.

A

A SONG.



TObacco is but an *Indian* weed,
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve
It ſhows our decay,
We are but clay,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is ſo Lilly-white,
Wherein ſo many take delight;
Is broke with a touch,
Man's life is ſuch,
Think of, &c.

The Pipe that is ſo foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is ſtain'd with ſin;
It does require,
To be purg'd with fire,
Think of, &c.

The Aſhes that are lift behind.
Does ſerve to put us all in mind;
That into duſt,
Return we muſt,
Think of &c.

The ſmoak that does ſo high aſcend,
Shews you man's life muſt have an end,
The Vapour's gone,
Man's life is done,
Think of &c.

A SONG.



SIR *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly;
He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly:
And as he rode o'er Hill and Dale,
All Armed with a Coat of Male,
Fa la la, la la la, lanky down dilly.

There leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,
That had ſlain God knows how many Men;
But when ſhe ſaw Sir *Eglamore*,
Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then the Trees began to ſhake,
Horſe did tremble, Man did quake:
The Birds betook them all to peeping,
Oh! twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
For now they fall to't right Dog fight Bear; And

And to't they go, and ſoundly fight.
A live-long day, from morn till night.

This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
That could the ſharpeſt Steel abide;
No Sword could enter her with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts,

But as in Choler he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;
For as a yawning ſhe did fall,
He thruſt his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward ſhe did fly
Unto her Den, which was hard by;
And there ſhe lay all night and roar'd,
The Knight was ſorry for his Sword.
But riding away, he cries, I forſake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

A SONG.





THe Danger is over, the Battle is paſt,
The Nymph had her fears, but ſhe ventur'd at laſt;
She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
She ſmil'd at her folly, and own'd ſhe had won:
By her Eyes we diſcover, the Bride has been pleas'd,
Her Bluſhes become her, her paſſion is eas'd;
She diſſembles her joy, and affects to look down,
If ſhe ſighs, 'tis for ſorrow 'tis ended ſo ſoon.

Appear all you Virgins, both Aged and Young,
All you, who have carry'd that burden too long;
Who have loſt precious time, and you who are loſing,
Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chuſing:
Draw nearer, and learn what will ſettle your mind,
You'll find your ſelves happy, when once you are kind;
Do but wiſely reſolve the ſweet venture to run,
You'll feel the loſs little, and much to be won. *A*

A SONG.



Wully and *Georgy* now beath are gean,
To ſee their lovely Flocks a feeding:
Jenny and *Moggy* too follow'd them,
For fear they ſhould be now a breeding:
Out of *London* Town they aw did trip it,
Down to play at new bopeep at *Tunbridge* Well;
But how they play'd or what they ſaid,
The De'el his ſell can only tell.

Moggy had bearns Four, Five or Six,
But *Jenny* was a young beginner;
Sure to her trading now ſhe will fix,
The Kirke has made her a young ſinner:
To *London* Town they're gean:
Each with a muckle weam:
And *Georgy* now to *Scotland* he mun run,
Fare him weel ene take him De'el:
Poor *Jenny* now is quite undone.

A SONG.



SIng, ſing whilſt we trip it, trip, trip it,
Trip, trip it upon the Green:
But no ill Vapours riſe or fall,
But no ill Vapours riſe or fall,
No Nothing, no Nothing, offend,
No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen;
No Nothing, no Nothing,
No Nothing offend our Fairy Queen;
No nothing no Nothing, no Nothing,
No nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

A SONG.



YOu Laſſes and Lads Take leave of your Dads,
And away to the Maypole hye;
There is every he has gotten a ſhe,
And a Fidler ſtanding by,
There is *Focky* has gotten his *Fenny*,
And *Johny* has gotten his *Foye*,
And there they do jugget, and jugget,
And jugget up and down.

You're out, ſaid *Dick*, ſo he ſaid *Nick*,
The Fidler playd it falſe;
And ſo ſaid *Nat*, and ſo ſaid *Tate*
And ſo ſaid nimble *Kate*:
With that the Fidler he
Did play the Tune again;
And then they did foot it and foot it,
And foot it unto the men.

Three times in an hour they went to a bower,
  to play for Ale and Cakes;
And Kiſſes to whom they were due
  The Laſſes held the ſtakes:
The Laſſes they began,
  To quarrel with the men;
And bid them take their Kiſſes back,
  And give them their own again.

A SONG.



WHat Ungrateful Devil moves you!
  Come, come my Friend the Truth declare;
You love *Sylvia*, *Silvia* loves you:
  Why, why then will you Wed the Fair?
Marriage joyning does diſcover,
  But Lovefreeing joyns for life:
Wou'd you, wou'd you, wou'd you,
  Love the Nymph for ever?
Never, never, never, never, never, never,
  Let her be your Wife.

A New Song Sett by Mr. Barincloth.



All

ALL hands up aloft,
Swab the Coach fore and aft;
For the punch Clubbers ſtraight will be ſitting,
For Fear the Ship rowl
Sling of a Full bowl;
For our honour let all things be fitting
In an Ocean of Punch
We to Night will all Sail,
I'th' Bowl we're in Sea room
Enough we ne'er fear:
Here's to thee Meſſmate.
Thanks honeſt *Tom*,
'Tis a health to the King,
Whilſt the Larboard-man drinks
Let the Starboard man ſing
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our chops,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But lets drink e'er we go,
But lets drink e'er we go.

The winds veering aft,
Then looſe ev'ry Sail;
She'll bear all her Topſails a trip,
Heave the Logg from the Poop,
It blows a freſh gale,
And a juſt account on the board keep:
She runs the eight Knots,
And eight Cups to my thinking,
That's a Cup for each Knot,
Muſt be fill'd for our drinking,
Here's to thee Skipper,
Thanks honeſt *John*,
'Tis health to the King,
Whilſt the one is a drinking,
The other ſhall fill.
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our, &c.

The

The Quartier muſt Cun,
Whilſt the foremaſt-man Steers;
Here's a health to each Port where e'er bound,
Who delays 'tis a Bumper,
Shall be drub'd at the Geer,
The depth of each Cup therefore ſound:
To our noble Commander,
To his honour and wealth,
May he drown and be damn'd,
That refuſes the health,
Here's to thee honeſt *Harry*,
Thanks honeſt *Will*,
Old Truepenny ſtill,
Whilſt the one is a Drinking,
The other ſhall fill.
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our, &c.

What news on the Deck Ho?
It blows a meer ſtorm;
She lies a try under her Mizen,
Why what tho' ſhe does?
Will it do any harm?
If a Bumper more does us all reaſon:
The Bowl muſt be fill'd Boys,
In ſpight of the Weather,
Yea, yea huzza let's howl altogether,
Here's to thee *Peter*,
Thanks honeſt *Foe*,
About let it go;
In the Bowl ſtill a Calm is,
Where e'er the Winds blow.
With full double Cups,
We'll liquor our, &c.

A New Scotch *Song Sett by* Mr. Akeroyde.



AS I went over you miſty Moor,
'Twas on an evening late, Sir,
There I met with a weelfar'd laſs
Was ſpanning of her gate, Sir,
I took her by the Lilly white hand,
And by the twat I caught her,
I ſwear and vow and tell you true,
She piſt in my hand with laughrer.

The ſilly poor Wench ſhe lay ſo ſtill,
Youd ſwear ſhe had been dead Sir,
The deel a word but aw ſhe ſaid but ay,
And bow'd her head, her head Sir,
Kind ſir, quoth ſhe you'll kill me here
But I'll forgive the ſlaughter;
You make ſuch motions with your A——
You'll ſp'it my ſides with laughter.

A New SONG, Sett by Mr. J. Clark.



HArk the Cock crow'd, 'tis day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly fair morning;
Up *Roger* and *James* and drive out your Teams,
Up quickly to carry the Corn in:
Davy the drowzy and *Barnaby* bowzy,
At breakfaſt we'll flout and we'll jeer boys;
Sluggards ſhall chatter with ſmall beer and water,
Whilſt you ſhall tope of the March beer boys

Laſſes that more for ſhame give o'er,
A Mouth open the Flies will be blowing;
To get us ſtout Hum when *Chriſtmaſs* is come,
Away where the Barly is mowing:
In your Smock ſleeves too, go bind up the ſheaves too,
With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry*,
Then when works over, at night give each Lover,
A Hug and a buſs in the Dairy.

Two

Two for the Mow and two for the Plow,
Is then the next labour comes after;
I'm ſure I hired four, but if you want more,
I'll ſend you My Wife and my daughter:
Roger the truſty, tell *Rachel* the luſty,
The barn's a brave place to ſteal Garters:
Twixt her and you then contrive up the Mow then
And take it at Night for your Quarters

A New Song Set by Mr. Akeroyde.



TO Kiſs, to Kiſs is pretty, 'tis pretty it makes us



Gay; to Kiſs, to Kiſs is pretty, is pretty, is pretty



to frolick and play; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no



no, no 'tis folly to Kiſs, 'tis folly; no, no, no, no,



no, no, no, no, no, no; 'tis jolly to kiſs, 'tis jol--ly;



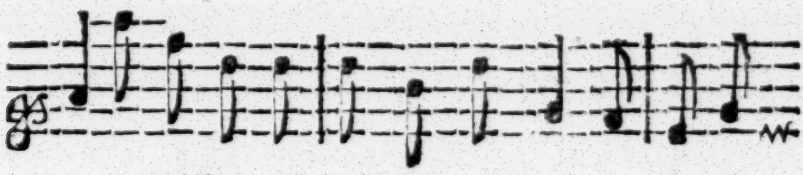
'Tis pretty to Kiſs, 'tis pretty to Kiſs, 'tis pretty I'll



tell you why, 'tis pretty to Kiſs, 'tis pretty to Kiſs to



Love, but not to dye; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, Kiſſing till you're out of breath, 'tis fooliſh



to Kiſs, 'tis fooliſh, 'tis fooliſh to Kiſs to death.

The

The Midwifes *Chriſtening Song.*



LEt's conſecrate a mighty Bowl,
On this our ſolemn meeting:
To recreate thoſe Female Hearts,
That ſometime ſince were weeping,
The Lady's pangs are now no more,
All grief is baniſh'd from her;
The Luſty boy has made his way
And nothing now can wrong her,

Cho. *By all the Goſſips.*

O Mighty power of active love,
How bravely haſt thou wrought:
From ſomething done there's ſomething come,
While many Toyl for nought.

Then diſh about the Mothers health,
The Lads ſhall ſoon come after;
Nor ſhall the Father be forgot
In hopes the next —— a Daughter:
Go on brave pair obey command,
And multiply together
May ſtrength increaſe,
And Wealth ne'er ceaſe,
Nor may you part for ever.

Cho. *O mighty power of active love,* &c.

A Song on a Lady's going into the Bath.





WHen *Sylvia* in bathing her Charms does expoſe,
The pretty Bouquet dancing under her Noſe,
My heart is juſt ready to part from my Soul,
And leap from the Gal — 'ry into the Bowl:
Each day I provide too;
A bribe for her guide too,
And gave her a Crown,
To bring me the Water where ſhe ſat down:
Let crazy Phyſitians think pumping a Cure
That Virtue is doubtful but *Sylvia*'s is ſure.

The Fidlers I hire to play ſomething ſublime,
And all the while throbbing my heart beats the time;
She enters, they flouriſh, and ceaſe when ſhe goes,
That who it is adreſs'd to ſtraight ev'ry one knows.
Wou'd I were a Vermin
Call'd one of her Chairmen,
Or ſerv'd as a guide:
Tho' I ſhow'd as they do a damn'd tawny Hide
Or elſe like a pebble at bottom could lye,
To Ogle her Beauties how happy were I.

A SONG.



O Raree Show, O bravee Show,
O preety Show, who ſee my fine a Show?
O Raree Show, O Brave Show,
Who ſee my pretty Show?
Quand la Cigala Canta ſa pasboun travailiar,
Fadboun eſtr'a 'lombretta a 'lombretta,
Fa boun eſtr'a lombretta Calignar

Here's de *Engliſh* and *French* to each oder moſt civil,
Shake hands and be friends and hug like rhe Devil:
O Raree Show, OBravee Show, O pretty Gallant a Show.

Here be de *Savoyards* a trudging through *France*,
To ſweep a de Shimney, to ſing and to dance.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here

Here be de great *Turk*, and de Great King of no land;
A Galloping bravely from *Hungary* to *Poland*.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here's de brave *English Beau*, for the packet boat tarries,
To go make his Campain vid his Taylor at *Paris*.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de honeſt Captain a curſing the Peace,
Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Miſs
O Raree ſhow, &.

Here be de *Engliſh* Ships bring plenty and Riches,
And here de *French* Caper a mending his Breeches.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de Jacks ſet out Lights and diſſemble,
And here be de Mob make um ſquitter and tremble.
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de ſea Captain a reeling on ſhore,
Here's one ſpend all his Pay and boarding a Whore,
O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouſes,
And here be de Soldiers a ſtorming their ſpouſes.
O Raree Show bravee Show who ſee my fine ſhow.

A New Scotch *SONG or a Game at* Pam.





WHen *Phillida* with *Jockey* play'd at Pam,
The bonny Lad nea whit could heed his Game,
But ſighing in his doleful dumps,
Leuk'd at her and loſt his Trumps,
Ah! a blither ſport was *Jockey*'s cheif aim.
Thoſe bright Eyes,
The Loon heart wounded cries
Ah welladay
Dear *Phillida*
Joy and yet deſtroy me,
I'ſe ne'er win by Mournival or blaze.
Or conquering Knave whilſt on my Queen I gaze.

Thus *Phillida* wit Beauty With and Art,
His money won who had before his heart,
Until the Laughing God of Love,
Pack't the Cards and made 'em prove,
All combin'd to take poor *Jockeys* weak part:
No kind Knave,
The Charmer now could have,
Her Lover too,
Recover'd too,
More than Loſt before too,
Till to pleaſe them love chang'd the wrangling Game,
To wedlock Joys and Jockey was her *Pam*.

A SONG in the Moroſe *Reformer.*



YOu Ladyes who are young and gay,
Since Time too ſwiftly flyes away,
Beſtow your hours of leiſure, beſtow your hours of lei-
[ſure,
On Courts, or Gardens, ſprings, and Groves,
On Converſation, lawful Loves,
And ev'ry harmleſs pleaſure ev'ry ev'ry harmleſs pleaſure.

Be you the fineſt Shows at plays,
Alluring youth to Love and gaze,
But try no mad Concluſions:
Be ev'ry where and often ſhown,
But Viſion like be touch'd by none
Be only fair Deluſions

For pleaſure ramble round the Town,
But give your Friends no cauſe to frown,
From Honour never ſally:
How they're contemn'd who were admir'd,
In Courts had all their hearts deſire
For ev'ry kiſs a tally.

The 2d. *Part of* St. George *for* England *by the late* John Grub, M. A. *of* Christ's-*Church* Oxon, *to the same Tune*, P. 136.

THe Story of King *Arthur* it is very memorable,
The Number of his valiant Knights and roundness of his Table;
His Knights around his Table in a Circle sate, d'ye' see,
And altogether made up one large Hoop of Chivalry;
He had a Sword both broad and sharp yclyp'd *Calliburn*,
Would cut a flint more easie than Penknife cuts a Corn;
A case Knife does a Capon carve, so it would carve a Rock,
And split a man at single slash from noddle down to nock;
He was the Cream of *Brecknock* and the flower of all the *Welch*,
But *George* he did the Dragon fell, and gave him a plaguy squelsh;
St. *George he was for fair England*,
St. *Dennis was for* France,
Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Tamerlain with *Tartarian* bow the *Turkish* Squadrons slew
And fetcht the *Pagan* Crescent down with half moon made of Yew;
His trusty Bow Proud *Turks* did gall with showrs of Arrows thick,
And Bow-strings without throtling sent Grand *Visier* to old Nick;
Much Turbants and much *Pagan* pates he made to tumble in dust,
And heads of *Saracen's* he fixt on Spear as on a sign post;
He coop'd in cage grim *Bajazet* prop of *Mahomets* Religion
As if he'd been the whispering bird that prompted him, the Pidgeon;
In Turky leather Scabbard he did sheath his blade so trenchant,
But *George* he swing'd the Dragons tail and cut off ev'ry [inch on't
St. *George he was*, &c.

Ackilles of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horſe for to ride,
Was taught byth' *Centaurs* rational parts the Hinnible to beſtride;
Bright Silver feet and ſhining face had the ſtout Hero's mother,
As Rapiers Silver'd at one end and wound us at the other
Her feet were bright, his feet were ſwift as hawk purſuing Sparrow,
Her's had the metal, his the ſpeed of *Brabant*'s Silver Arrow,
Thetis to double Pedagogue commits her deareſt boy,
Who bred him from a ſlender twig to be the Scourge of *Troy*;
But e'r he laſh'd the *Trojans* was, in *Stygian* water ſteept,
As birch is ſoaked firſt in piſs when boys are to be whipt;
His ſkin exceeding hard, he roſe from Lake ſo black and muddy,
As *Lobſters* riſing from the Sea, with ſhells about their body;
And as from *Lobſters* broken Claw, pick out the fleſh you might,
So might you from one unſhell'd heel dig peices of the Knight;
His Myrmidons rob'd *Priams* Barns and hen rooſts ſay the Song,
Carry'd away both Corn and Eggs, like Ants from which they ſprung;
Himſelf tore *Hector*'s Pantaloons, and ſent him down bare breech'd,
To *Pedant Rodamanthus* in poſture to be ſwitch'd,
But *George* made the Dragon look as if he'd bin bewitcht;
St. *George he was*, &c.

The *Amazon Thaleſtris* was beautyful and bold,
She ſear'd her Breaſts with Iron hot, and bang'd her foes with cold;
Her hands were like the tool wherewith *Jove* keeps proud mortals under

It

It ſhone juſt like his Lightning, and batter'd like his Thunder;
Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blaſt the proudeſt he that ſwagger'd,
And melt that Rapier of his Soul in its corporeal Scabbard;
With Beauty the great *Lapland* Charm'd, poor men ſhe did bewitch all,
Still a blind whining Lover had, as *Pallas* had her ſcreech-owl;
Her beauty and her Drum to foe did cauſe amazement double,
As timerous Larks amazed are with light and with a low-Bell;
She kept the Chaſtneſs of a *Nun* in Armour as in a Cloyſter,
But *George* undid the Dragon, juſt as you'd undo an Oyſter;
St. *George he was*, &c.
Full fatal to the *Romans* was the *Carthaginian Hannibal*,
Him I mean who did them give a devil ih thump at *Cannæ*;
Moors thick as goats on *Penwinmaur* ſtood on the *Alpes's* front,
Their one ey'd guide like blinking Mole bor'd through the hindring mount;
Who baffled by the maſſy Rock, took Vinegar for relief,
Like Plow-men when they hew their way through ſtubborn rump of Beef;
As dancing Louts from humid toes caſt atome of ill ſavour,
To blinking *Hial* when on vile croud he Merriment does endeavour;
And on harmonious timber ſaws a wretched tune ſo quiver
Juſt ſo the *Romans* ſtunk at ſight of *African* conniver;
The tawny ſurface of his Phiz did ſerve inſtead of Vizard
But *George* he made the Dragon have and a grumbling in his gizard; St. *George he was*, &c. *Pe-*

Pendragon like his Father *Jove* was fed with Milk of Goat,
And like him made a noble ſhield of ſhe Goats ſhagged Coat;
On top of burniſh'd Helmet he did wear a Creſt of leeks,
And Onions-heads with dreadful nods drew tears down hoſtile cheeks
Itch and Welch blood did make him hot, and very prone to ire.
Was ting'd with brimſtone like a match, and would as ſoon take fire;
And brimſtone he took inwardly, when Scurf gave him occaſion,
His poſtern puff of wind was a Sulphureous exhalation;
The *Britain* never tergiverſ'd, but was for adverſe drubbing,
Nor ever turn'd his back to ought but to a poſt for Scrubbing;
His Sword would ſerve for Battle or for dinner if you pleaſe,
When it had ſlain a *Cheſhire* Man 'twould toſt a *Cheſhire* Cheeſe;
He wounded and in their own blood did Anabaptize *Pagans*,
But *George* he made the Dragon an example to all Dragons;
St. *George* he was, &c.

Gorgon a twiſted Adder wore for knot upon her ſhoulder,
She kemb'd her hiſſing periwig and curling Snakes did powder;
Theſe Snakes they made ſtiff Changelings of all men that they hiſs'd on, [ſtone
They turned Barbers into Hones, and Maſons into free-
Sworded Magnetick *Amazon* her ſhield to load-ſtone changes,
The amorous Sword by myſtick Belt clung faſt unto her haunches;

This

This ſhield long Village did protect, and kept the Army from Town,
And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks that came to invade long *Compton*;
The poſtdiluvian Stone unmans, and *Pyrrha's* work unravels,
And Stares *Deucalions* hardy boys into their primitive pebbles;
Red Noſes ſhe to rubies turns and noddles into Bricks,
But *George* made the Dragon laxative and gave him a bloody flix;
St. *George he was*, &c.

Brave *Warwicks* Guy at Dinner time challeng'd a Giants Savage,
And ſtraight came out the unweildy lout brim full of wrath and Cabbage;
He had a Phiz of latitude and was full thick i'th middle,
The cheeks of puffed Trumpeter and paunch of Squire Beadle;
But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak and did upon his back tread,
The Valiant Guy his Weaſon cut and *Atropus* his packthread;
Beſides he fought with a Dun Cow as ſay the Poets Witty,
A dreadful Dun, and horned too, like Dun of *Oxford* City;
The fervent dog-days made her mad by cauſing heat of weather,
Syrius and *Procyon* baited her as a Bull-dog did her Father;
Graſiers nor Butchers this fell beaſt e'er of her frolick hinder'd,
John Dorſſet ſhe'd knock down as flat as *John* knocks down his Kindred;
Her heels would lay ye all along and kick into a Swoon,
Cow heels at *Fremins* keep up your Corps, but here 'twould beat you down;

She vanquiſh'd many a ſturdy Knight and proud was of the honour,
Was pufft by mauling Butchers ſo as if themſelves had blown her;
At once ſhe kick'd and puſh'd at Guy, but all that would not fright him,
Who wav'd his whinyard o'er her loyn as if he'd gon to Knight him;
He let her blood her frenzy to cure and eke he did her gall rip,
His trenchant blade like Cooks long Spit ran through the monſters bald rib;
He rear'd up the vaſt crook'd rib inſtead of Arch Trimphal,
But *George* hit'th Dragon ſuch a pelt which made him on his Bum fall;
St. *George he was*, &c.

Great *Hercules* the offſpring of *Jove* and fair *Alcmene*,
One part of him celeſtial was, the other part Terrene;
To ſcale the Walls of's Cradle two fiery Snakes combin'd,
And juſt like unto Swadling cloaths about the Infant twin'd;
But he put out theſe Dragons fires and did their hiſſing ſtop
As red hot Iron with hiſſing noiſe is quench'd in blackſmiths Shop
He cleans'd a ſtable and rubb'd down the Horſes of new comers,
And out of Horſe dung he rais'd Fame as *Tom Wrench* does Cucumbers;
He made a river help him through, *Alpheus* was under Groom,
The ſtream grumbling at office mean ran murm'ring through the room;
This liquid Oſtler to prevent being tired with a long work,
His Father Neptunes trident took inſtead of three tooth'd dung fork.

This

This *Hercules* as Soldier and as Spinſter could take pains
His Club it would ſome times Spinn flax and ſometimes knock out brains;
He was, forc'd to Spin his Miſs aſhift, by *Juno*'s wrath and her ſpite,
Fair *Omphale* whipt him to his wheel as Cooks whip barking turnſpit;
From man or Churn he well knew how to get him laſting fame,
He'd baſte a Gyant till the blood and milk to butter came;
Often he fought with huge battoon, and often times he Boxed,
Tap'd a freſh monſter once a month as *Harvey* doth freſh Hogſhead;
To ſtiff *Antæus* he gave a hug, ſuch as folks give in *Cornwall*,
But *George* he did the Dragon kill as dead as any door nail;
St. *George he was*, &c.

The valour of *Domitian* it muſt not be forgotten,
Who from the Jaws of wormblowing Flies freed ſuppliant Veal and Mutton;
A ſquadron of Flies Errant againſt the foe appears,
With Regiment of buzzing Wights and ſwarms of Volunteers;
The Warlike Waſp incourag'd them with's animating humm,
And the loud brazen Hornet he was their Kettle drum;
The *Spaniard don Cantharido* did him moſt ſorely peſter,
And rais'd on skin of ventrous Knight full many a plaguy bliſter;
A Bee whipt through his button hole as through key hole a Witch,
And ſtab'd him with a little Tuck drawn from his Scabbard breech;
But the undaunted Knight lift's up an Arm ſo big and brawny,

And flaſht het ſo that here lay head and there lay bag of Honey;
Then 'mongſt the rout he flew as ſwift as Weapon made by *Cyclops*,
And bravely quell'd ſeditous Buz, by dint of maſſy fly flaps;
Surviving Flies did Curſes breath, and Maggots too at Ceſar,
But *George* he ſhav'd the Dragons beard and Askalon was his Razor;
St. *George he was*, &c.
The *Gemini* ſprung of an Egg were put into a Cradle,
Their brains with knocks and bottl'd Ale were oftentimes full addle;
And ſcarcely hatch'd theſe Sons of him that hurls the bolt triſulcate,
With helmet ſhell on tender head did buſtle with red Ey'd Polecat;
Caſtor a horſeman, *Pollux* tho' a boxer was I wiſt
The one was fam'd for Iron heel the other for leaden fiſt;
Pollux to ſhew he was a God when he was in a paſſion,
Would firſt make Noſes fall down flat by way of adoration;
This fiſt as ſure as *French* diſeaſe demoliſht Noſes ridges, [bridges;
He like a certain Lord was fam'd for breaking down of
Caſtor the ſtame of fiery ſteed with well ſpur'd Boots took down, [Town;
As men with leathern Buckets do quench fire in a
His Famous Horſe that liv'd on Oats is Sung on Oaten quill,
Ay *Bards* immortal provender the Nag ſurviveth ſtill:
This brood of Eggs on none but rogues employ'd their brisk Artillery,
They flew as naturally at a rogue as Eggs at Knaves on Pillory;
Much ſweat they ſpent in furious flight, much blood they did effund,

Their

Their whites they vented through their pores, their yolks through gaping wound,
Then both from blood and duſt were cleans'd to make a heavenly ſign,
The lads juſt like their Armour were ſcour'd and hang'd up to ſhine,
Thus were the heav'nly double Dicks the ſons of *Jove* and *Tinder*,
But *George* he cut the Dragon up as't had bin duck or Winder; St. *George he was*, &c.

By Boar Spear *Meleager* acquir'd a laſting name,
And out of haunch of baſted Swine he hew'd eternal fame;
The beaſt the Heroes Trouzers ript and rudely ſhew'd his bare breech,
Prickt but the Wem and out their came Heroick Guts and Garbadge;
Leggs were ſecur'd with Iron boots no more than peas by peas cods
Braſs helmets with incloſed Skulls would crackle in's mouth like cheſnuts;
His tawny Hairs erected were by rage that was reſiſtleſs,
And wrath inſtead of Coblers wax did ſtiffen his riſing briſtles;
His Tusks lay'd doggs to ſleep that whip nor bugle horn could wake em,
It made them vent both their laſt blood and their laſt *Albumgrecum*;
But the Knight gor'd him with his ſpear to make of him a tame one.
And Arrows thick inſtead of Cloves he ſtuck in Monſters gammon;
For Monumental pillar that his Victory might be known
He rais'd up in Cylindrick form a Collar of the Brawn;
He ſent his ſhade to ſhades below in *Stygian* mud to wallow,
And eke the ſtout St. *George* eft ſoon he made the Dragon follow;
St. *George he was*, &c.

A Scotch *Song.*



'Twas in the Month of *May* Joe, When *Jockey* firſt I (ſpy'd;
He luk'd as fair as day too, Gude gin I'd bin his Bride:
With Cole black Eyne and Milk white hand,
Iſe ne'er yet ſaw the Like;
I wiſh I had gin aw my Land,
Iſe ne'er had ſeen the Tike.

He fix'd his Eyne upon me, With aw the ſigns of Love;
Iſe thought they wou'd gang through me, So fiercely they (did move:
He tuke me in his eager Arms,
Iſe made but faint denials;
I'ſe then alas found aw his Charms,
Woe worth ſuch fatal trials.

The Bonny Lad at laſt *Joe*, was forc'd toll gang away;
But I'ſe had eane ſtuck faſt tho', Full Nine Months from (that day:
And now poor *Jennys* Maiden head,
Shame on't they find its loſt;
The little brat has aw betray'd
Was ever laſs thus croſs'd.

POEMS,

On Several Occaſions.

The FRYER and the MAID.

AS I lay muſing all alone
A merry Tale I thought upon;
Now liſten a while and I will you tell
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Laſs well.

He came to her when ſhe was going to bed,
Deſiring to have her Maiden head;
But ſhe denyed his deſire,
And ſaid that ſhe did fear Hell-fire.

Tuſh, tuſh, quoth the Fryer, thou needſt not doubt,
If thou were't in Hell I could ſing thee out:
Why then, quoth the Maid thou ſhalt have thy requeſt;
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his Neſt.

But one thing more I muſt requeſt,
More than to ſing me out of Hell-fire,
That is for doing of the thing,
An Angel of Money you muſt me bring,

Tuſh, tuſh quoth the Fryer, we two ſhall agree,
No Money ſhall part thee and me;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the gray Gown off my back.

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,
How ſhe might this Fryer beguile;

When

When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well,

The Fryer came as his bargain was,
With money unto his bonny Lass;
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow quoth she;
Here is the Money I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and she took the money:
Now let's go to't my own dear Honey:
Nay stay a while some respite make,
If my Master should come he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maid my Master doth come;
Alas! quoth the Fryer where shall I run;
Behind yon Cloth run thou quoth she,
For there my Master cannot see.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
And was in the Well incontinent:
Alas! quoth he I'm in the well;
No matter quoth she if thou wer't in Hell.

Thou saidst thou could'st sing me out of Hell,
I prithee sing thy self out of the Well;
Sing out quoth she with all thy might,
Or else thou'rt like to sing there all night.

The Fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,
Oh! help me out or I shall be drown'd:
She heard him make such pitiful moan,
She hope him out and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was serv'd so before;
Away quoth the Wench come here no more:
The Fryer he walk'd along the street
As if he had been a new wash'd sheep.
Sing hey down a derry; and lets be merry,
And from such sin ever keep.

The Virtue of SACK, *by Dr.* Hen. Edwards.

FEtch me *Ben. Johnſon*'s Skull, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly ſiſters pledg'd, and did agree
It was no ſin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weakneſs in the wine,
There's virtue in the Cup to make't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taſt too much
Of earth, the Mault retains a ſcurvy touch
Of the dull hand that ſows it; and I fear
There's Hereſie in Hops; give *Calvin* Beer,
And his preciſe Diſciples, ſuch as think
There's Powder treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink;
Call Sack an Idol, nor will kiſs the Cup,
For fear their Conventicle be blown up
With ſuperſtition; give to theſe Brew-houſe alms
Whoſe beſt mirth is Six ſhillings Beer, and Pſalms:
Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire
And actuate the ſoul with heavenly fire;
That thou ſublim'ſt the Genius making Wit
Scorn earth, and ſuch as love or live by it;
Thou make'ſt us Lord of Regions large and fair,
Whilſt our conceits build Caſtles in the air:
Since fire, earth, air, thus thy inferiors be
Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes!
Welcome by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (methinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks:
And do eſteem my venerable ſelf
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelf
Were ſure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to ſpend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk
And change the gold for ſack to keep me drunk:

And

And ſo by conſequence till rich *Spains* wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine:
And when my Brains are once a foot (heaven bleſs us!)
I think my ſelf a better man than *Cræſus*,
And now I do conceit my ſelf a Judge,
And coughing laugh to ſee my clients trudge
After My Lordſhips Coach unto the Hall
For Juſtice and am full of Law withal.
And do become the Bench as well as he
That fled long ſince for want of honeſty:
But I'll be Judge no longer though in jeſt,
For fear I ſhould be talk'd with like the reſt
When I am ſober; who can chuſe but think
Me wiſe, that am ſo wary in my drink!
Oh admirable ſack! here's dainty ſport,
I am come back from *Weſtminſter* to Court;
And am grown young again; my Ptiſick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is ſmooth'd, aud I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When ſhe invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flow'ry boſom I could win
A Veſtal now, or tempt a Queen to ſin,
Oh for a ſcore of Queens! you'd laugh to ſee
How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould raviſh me.
Three Goddeſſes were nothing: Sack has tipt
My Tongue with charms like thoſe which *Paris* ſipt
From *Venus* when ſhe taught him how to kiſs
Fair *Hellen*, and invite a fairer bliſs:
Mine is *Canary-rhetorick*, that alone
Would turn *Dina* to a burning ſtone:
Some with amazement, burning with loves fire,
Hard to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.
Ineſtimable Sack! thou mak'ſt us rich,
Wiſe, amorous any thing; I have an itch
To t'other Cup and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy ſake;
If I be once inflam'd againſt thy Noſe
That could preach down thy worth in ſmall-beer proſe,
I ſhould do Miracles as bad or worſe,
As he that gave the King an hundred Horſe.

To

T'other odd cup, and I ſhall be prepar'd
To ſnatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charles*'s his Enemies or Sack's,
Let it be full if I do chance to ſpill
Ov'r my Standiſh by the way, I will
Dipping in this diviner Ink my pen,
Write my ſelf ſober and fall to't agen.

On a Combat of Cocks, the Norfolk, *and the* Wiſbich, *by* Mr. Tho. Randolph.

GO you tame Gallants you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave ſpurs to ſhew for't and can crow,
And count all dung-hill breed that cannot ſhew
Such painted Plumes as yours; that think no vice,
With Cock-like luſt to tread your Cockatrice:
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If you're not fighting Cocks y'are not for me:
I of two feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' life means to expreſs the fight
Muſt make his ink o'th' blood which they did ſpill,
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO ſooner were the doubtful people ſet,
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But ſtraight the skilful Judges of the play,
Bring forth their ſharp heel'd Warriors and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they dy'd to have their winding ſheet.
With that into th' pit they are put, and when they were
Both on their feet, the *Norfolk* Chanticleere
Looks ſtoutly at his ne'er before ſeen foe
And like a challenger begins to crow,
And ſhakes his wings, as If he would diſplay
His warlike colours which were black and gray:
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breaths
His active body, and in fury wreaths

His comely creſt, and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground:
With that they meet, not like the Coward breed
Of *Æſop*, that can better fight than feed:
They ſcorn the Dunghill, 'tis their only Prize
To dig for pearl with each others eyes.
They fight ſo long that it was hard to know
To th' skilful whether they did fight or no,
Had not the blood which died the fatal floor
Born witneſs of it; yet they fight the more,
As if each wound were but a ſpur to prick
Their fury forward; lightning's not more quick
Nor red then were their eyes: 'twas hard to know
Whether it was blood or anger made them ſo:
And ſure they had been out, had not they ſtood
More ſafe by being fenc'd in by blood.
Yet ſtill they fight but now (alas!) at length
Although their courage be full try'd their ſtrength
And blood began to ebb; you that have ſeen
A water Combate on the ſea, between
Two roaring angry boyling billows, how
They march and meet and daſh their curled brows
Swelling like graves as is they did intend
To intomb each other, e're the quarrel end:
But when the wind is down, and bluſtring weather,
They are made friends and ſweetly run together,
May think theſe Champions ſuch; their combs grow low
And they that leapt even now, now ſcarce can go:
Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt
(As if they did applaud themſelves now flapt)
And having loſt the advantage of the Heel
Drunk with each others blood they only reel.
From either eyes ſuch drops of blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their Funeral.
And yet they fain would fight, they came ſo near,
As if they meant into each others ear
To whiſper death; and when they cannot riſe,
They lie and look blows in each others eyes.
But now the Tragick part after the fight
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the beſt of it, And

And *Wisbich* lay a dying ſo that none.
Though ſober, but might venture ſeven to one,
Contracting (like a dying Taper) all
His force as meaning with that blow to fall;
He ſtruggles up and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow and ſtrikes the other blind.
And now poor *Norfolk* having loſt his eyes,
Fights only guided by Antipathies:
With him (alas) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'er ſee his heart muſt rue.
At length by chance he ſtumbled on his foe,
Not having any power to ſtrike a blow,
He falls upon him with a wounded head,
And makes his conquering wings his Feather-bed:
Where lying ſick his friends were very charie
Of him, and fetcht in haſt an Apothecary;
But all in vain his body did ſo bliſter,
That 'twas incapable of any gliſter;
Wherefore at length opening his fainting bill
He call'd a Scrivner, and thus made his will.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My body freely I bequeath to th' pot
Decently to be boil'd, and for its tomb
Let it be buried in ſome hungry womb,
Item. *Executors I will have none,*
But he that on my ſide laid ſeven to one:
And like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him and to his heirs my Comb I give,
Together with my brains, that all may know.
That oftentimes his brains did uſe to crow,
Item. *It is my will to the weaker ones*
Whoſe Wives complain of them, I give my ſtones;
To him that's dull I do my Spurs impart;
And to the Coward I bequeath my heart:
To Ladies that are light it is my will,
My feathers ſhould be given; and for my bill
I'd give't a laylour but it is ſo ſhort,
That I'm afraid he'll rather curſe me for't:

And

And for the Apothecaries fee who meant
To give me a Glister, let my rump be ſent.
Laſtly becauſe I feel my life decay,
I yield and give to Wisbich *Cock the day.*

On a FART *in the Parliament-Houſe,*

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

DOwn came Grave Ancient Sir *John Croke*
And read his meſſage in a book,
Very well quoth *Will. Norris* is it ſo,
But Mr. *Lym*'s Tayl cry'd no.
Fye, quoth Alderman *Atkins*, I like not this paſſage
To have a Fart intervoluntary in the midſt of a Meſſage
Then up ſtarts one fuller of Devotion
Than Eloquence, and ſaid a very ill motion:
Not ſo neither quoth Sir *Henry Fenking*,
The Motion was good but for the ſtinking;
Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick
To Fart in the Face of the body Politick
Sir *Jerome* in Folio ſwore by the Maſs
This fart was enough to have blown a glaſs:
Quoth then Sir *Jerome* the leſſer ſuch an abuſe
Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.
Quoth Sir *Richard Broughton*, a Juſtice ith' *Quorum*
Would tak't in Snuff to have a Fart let before him:
If it would bear an Action quoth Sir *Thomas Holcroft*,
I would make of this Fart a bolt or a Shaft;
Then quoth Sir *John Moor* to his great commendation,
I will ſpeak to this Houſe in my wonted faſhion,
Now ſurely ſays he, For as much as how be it
This fart to the Serjeant we muſt commit.
No quoth the Serjeant low bending his knees
Farts oft will break Priſons but never Pay Fees:
Beſides this Motion with ſmall reaſon ſtands,
To charge me with what I cant keep in my hands:
Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas ſo readily let,
I would it were ſweet enough for my Cabinet. Why

Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
Speak no more of it but bury it with ſweetwood,
Grave Senate, quoth *Dyrcomb*, upon my ſalvation
This Fart ſtands in need of ſome great Reformation.
Quoth Mr *Cartwright*, upon my conſcience,
It would be reform'd with a little Frankincenſe.
Quoth Sir *Roger Acton* it would much mend the matter
If this Fart were ſhaven and waſh't with Roſe-water,
Per verbum principis, how dare I tell it,
A Fart by here-ſay and not ſee it nor ſmell it.
I am glad quoth Sir *Sam. Lewknor* we have found a thing,
That no Tale-bearer can carry it the King.
Such a Fart as this was never ſeen
Quoth the learned council of the Queen.
Yet quoth Sir *Hugh Boſton* the like hath been
Let in a Dance before the Queen.
Then ſaid Mr. *Leak* I have a preſident in ſtore.
His Father Farted laſt Seſſion before.
A bill muſt be drawn then quoth Sir *John Bennet*
Or a ſelected Committee quickly to pen it.
Why quoth Dr. *Crompton*, no man can draw
This Fart within the campaſs of the Civil Law:
Quoth Mr. *Jones* by the Law't may be done,
Being a Fart intayl'd from Father to Son;
In troth quoth Mr, *Brook* this Speech was no lye,
This Fart was one of your *Poſt Nati*:
Quoth *William Paddy* he dare aſſure 'em
Though 'twere *Contra Modeſtiam* 'tis not *præter naturam*:
Beſides by the Aphoriſms of my art
Had he not been deliver'd h'ad been ſick of a Fart,
Then quoth the *Recorder*, the mouth of the City,
To have ſmother'd that Fart had been great pity.
It is moſt certain quoth Sir *Humphry Bentwizzle*,
That a round Fart is better than a ſtinking fizzle.
Have Patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*,
There's none of us all but may be miſtaken:
Why right quoth the great Attorney I confeſs
The Eccho of ones A—— is remedileſs,

The Geneva *Ballad. By the Author of* Hudibraſs.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemiſh Wheels*,
None treads *Religion* upſide down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at heels,
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,
Whoſe Conſcience might be ſcan'd perhaps
By the Dimenſions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sifters ſo adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
And if occaſion ſerves can whine;
Nay he can bellow, bray or bark.
Was ever *ſike a Beuk learn'd Clerk*,
That ſpeaks all *Lingua*'s of the Ark.

To draw in Proſelytes like Bees,
With *pleaſing Twang* he tones his Proſe,
He gives his Hand-kerchief a ſqueez,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Noſe,
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-ſtockin Similtudes*,
Eight Uſes more, and ſo concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treaſon* had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was *balderdaſh'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam*'s Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Goſpel Comet* firſt appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers ſtrip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,
And having ſmote his Maſter, ſlip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand,

But

But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Ofttimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary*'s many grains;
His very Preaching slew more men,
Than *Bonner*'s Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-star Zeal* and Lungs like *Boreas*
He fought and taught; and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament*;
As if the Wind could stand *North South*:
Broke *Moses*'s Law with blest intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace
Can blanch an *Æthiopian*'s Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in Swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins*,
But whispers, *Boys stand to your Arms*.
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
Money, I mean, and *Multitude*.

Magistrates he regards no more
Than St. *George* or the Kings of *Colen*;
Vowing he'll not conform before
The Old-wives wind their Dead in Woollen,
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-beard Goff*,
And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME,
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domestick Broils at home.

How quietly Great *CHARLES* might reign,
Would all theſe Hot-ſpurs croſs the Main,
And preach down Popery in *Spain.*

The ſtarry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no diſſention in the Sky:
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confuſion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad were Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worſe where Children play with Knives,

I would as ſoon turn back to Maſs,
Or change my phraſe to *thee* and *thou*;
Let the Pope ride me like an Aſs
And his Prieſts milk me like a Cow:
As buckle to *Smectymnuan* Laws.
The bad effects o'th' the Good Old Cauſe,
That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that nurs'd
The *Browniſts* and the *Ranters* Crew;
Foul Errors motly Veſture firſt
Was coated in a Northern Blue.
And what's th' Enthuſiaſtick breed,
Or men of *Kippendoling*'s Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to ſeed?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
And make boaſt of their Innocence:
There cannot be ſo vile a think,
But may be colour'd with Pretence,
Yet when all's ſaid, one thing I'll ſwear,
No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
No Traitor like *Jack*——

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